

75c
AUG. 1

VOGUE

THE
YOUNG
CHICERINO

HER
KIND
OF
FASHION

75 LOOKS
THAT HAVE
THE
KNACK

STARS IN
THE WORKS:
YOUTHQUAKERS

VOGUE'S TALENT
SEARCH: THE
PRIX DE PARIS
FOR
COLLEGE GIRLS



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420 Lexington Ave., New York, N. Y. 10017

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AUSTRALIAN VOGUE

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COVER: The kind of fashion young Chicerinos are first to wear, and adore—a purple sweater with shoulders punched out like holes in a Swiss cheese. Worn by Samantha Eggar—British, freckled, a success. Almost unknown in 1963 when Vogue first photographed her, she snagged the Best Actress award at Cannes for her rôle in *The Collector*. More about her, page 120. . .

Korrigan knitted acetate sweater, about \$35. Bonwit Teller; Montaldo's; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin.

Coiffure: Marc Sinclaire of Marcel.

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Vol. 146, No. 2, Whole No. 2142

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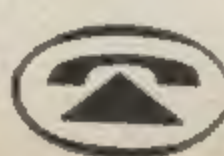
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FOR ADDITIONAL STORES
"WHERE YOU CAN BUY"
- SEE LAST PAGE

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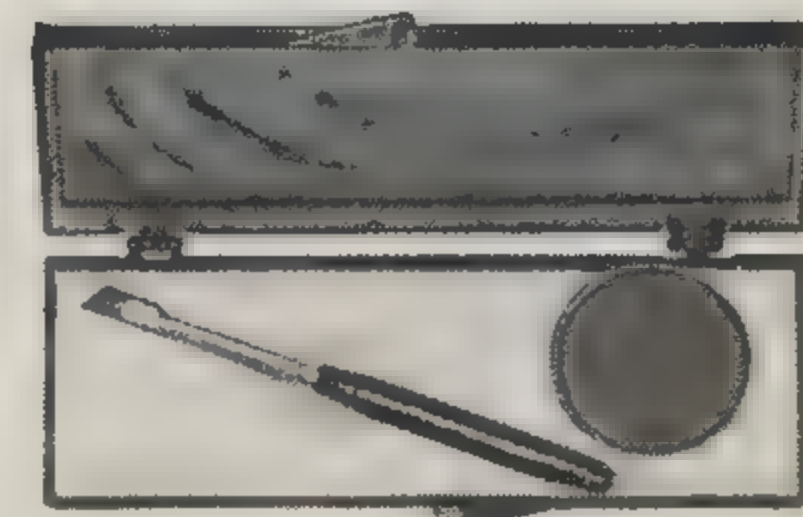
New brush-on eyebrow color—does everything a pencil can, only softer!



Revlon's 'Brow Beautiful'

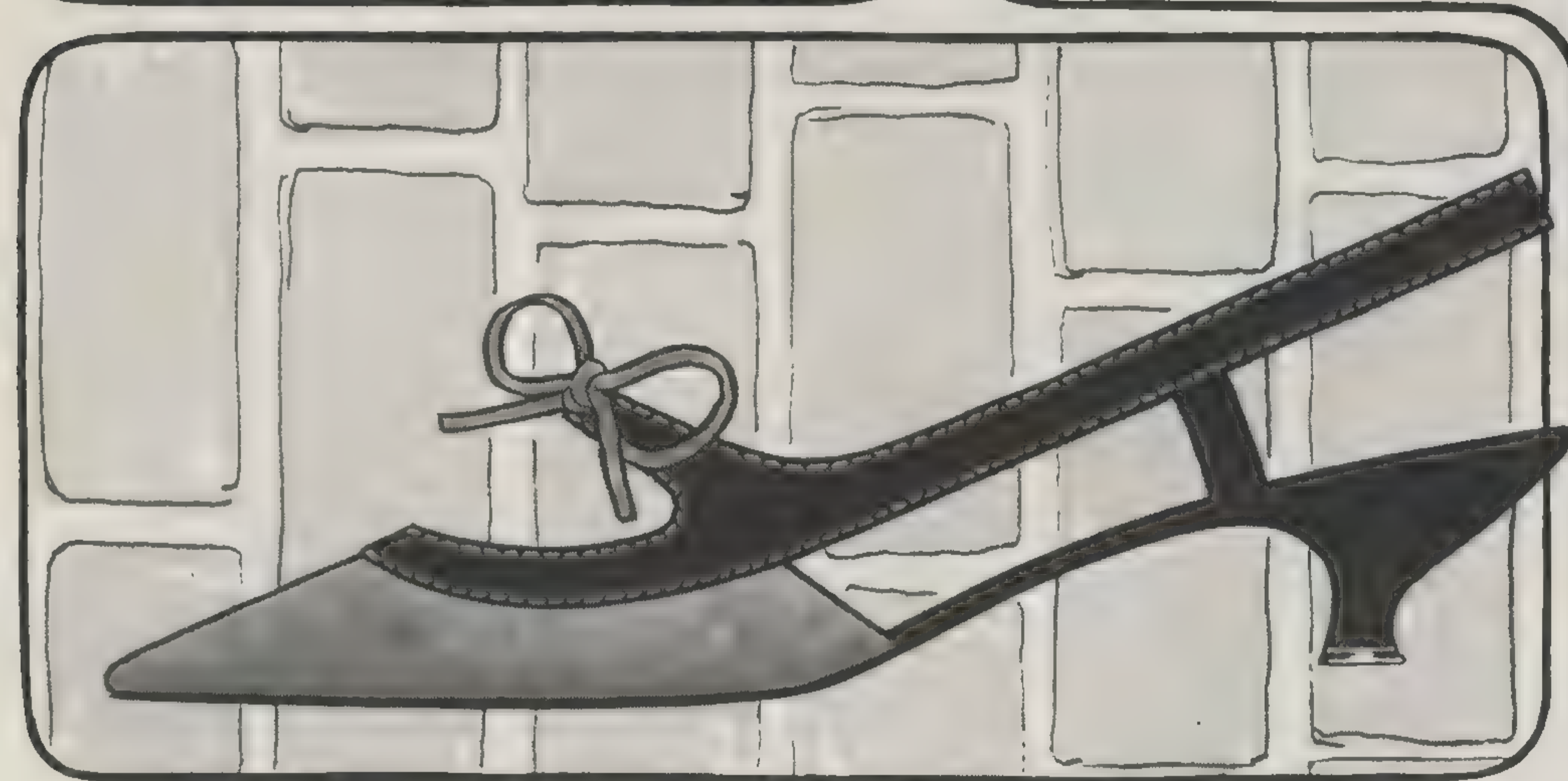
Today, when makeup should make you look marvelous instead of 'made up', it's time to erase those hard, pencilled brows (they're anti-natural and all wrong). For a softer, subtler look Revlon created 'Brow Beautiful'. More believable color than any ever worn, it's

a stay-put powder in a tidy cake (nothing to sharpen, nothing to break). The little wizard of a wedge-tipped brush puts *instant skill* in your hands! You can remodel. Fill in. Or extend where real brows end. The effect? So natural, you'll never risk *hard pencil lines* again!



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after pair, and doesn't everyone love a bargain? Here, two contrasting moods from our vast day-time collection: kicky heel back-strap in suede, black and swinging beige, tiger tan and grey, beige with tiger, or all-over bash blue, 10.99; slimline suit shoe in black or downtown brown, caviar calf, 12.99. Handbags to match, of course.

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Five strong nails and how they grew



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looks perishable, but is up to anything you are. Ginger or Taupe, lined in satin or alpaca, sizes 6 to 14, about 260.00 at Dayton Co., Gimbel Bros., Stix, Baer and Fuller, Woodward and Lothrop, the Fashion Whereabouts listing on the last page or write Highlander 1407 Broadway, New York for the name of a store close at hand and a booklet that makes suede care duck soup.

Highlander

Nail Make - 

What will Fabergé think of next?

Who else but Fabergé could create **Nail Make-OP** — world's first true nail cosmetic! **Nail Make-OP** is applied to your fingertips just as you apply face makeup: *sheer toners* over *basic skin shades*!

Nail Make-OP goes on just like ordinary nail polish — but what a divine difference in the way it looks...wears...works wonders on your nails! For Fabergé has craftily taken incomparable *Ceramic Glaze* (that famous triple-action treatment for longer, stronger nails) and, with brilliant if not surprising ingenuity, added *colour*!

And oh, what a kaleidoscopic collection of never-before colours...what a fascinating new concept for wearing them! *No more matching nails to lips*, says Fabergé — now it's *fashion-coloured fingertips* — to complement your costume!

You start with a coat of *Ceramic Glaze Foundation* to cover flaws, cushion and protect your nails...and — here's the big news! — it comes in *makeup shades*, as shown on the near hand opposite, reading from pinky: *Bamboo...Beige...Bone...China*.

You top this with, if you like (and we think you'll *love*!) *Ceramic Glaze Toners* — beautiful crystal-clear colour sealers you can wear soft and muted or wild as you please! Just take a look at some of the nail-do's here; most are worn over basic *China*, which brings out the brilliance and clarity of the colour toner; to mute it, we'd have used one of the complexion shades, as on the toes.

Starting from top, our bride wears a pearling of *Frosted Ceramic Glaze*...below that, a simple diagonal half-coat of *Pink Crystal* over *Canary Diamond* (put them together, they make orange — remember your elementary art?)...third, straight *Onyx* for the swinging jet set (with *Onyx* you can make all kinds of Opped-up designs).


We play footsie in *Beige* iced with *Frosted Ceramic Glaze*, whose shimmer is matched by the somewhat more costly, but no less unique, sparkle of the ten-carat diamond solitaire. Both colour and jewel are the latest in beachwear; they go with anything...or nothing, as the case may be.

The multi-pastelled fingertips are wearing, from thumb, *Canary Diamond*, *Coralline*, *Pink Crystal*, *Amethyst*, and *Sapphire*; the *Pink Crystal* is softened with an added toner of its complementary colour, *Emerald*. The coin-dot chiffon pants are matched exactly with two toner coats — *Emerald* over *Canary Diamond*, to make lime; the circles are *Sapphire* reflecting the green underneath. The instant polka dots at bottom were made with the flat round tip of the brush dipped in *Onyx*. Oh, there's no end to the magical things you can do, the stunning optics you can achieve with these artful new, imaginative new, fun-filled new fashion colours!

This smart new finger-painting for grown-up girls is the late, late look for the new, new nail — and the name of the game is **Make-OP** (OP is for *OPTical*, which is what it's all about).

Help stamp out conformity. **Nail Make-OP** by none other than **Fabergé**.





What kind of women wear Fashion Tress Wigs?

Busy women, who have to look their best at a moment's notice. Sensible women, who want a light, airy, comfortable wig. Fashion-conscious women, who are concerned with style and color. Sophisticated women, who know the best wigs are made in Europe of the finest natural hair. Satisfied women, who are glad they bought the world's finest wig.

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PARIS MIAMI BEACH NEW YORK



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internationally known authority
on fashion wigs and consultant
to Fashion Tress.*

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The beautiful thing about Celara is Celanese Acetate

This beauty takes its rich color, silky luxury and inherent comfort from Celanese Acetate. Keeps you neat and wrinkle-free whether traveling, tea-tasting or tête-à-tête-ing.

Leslie Fay's body-skimming, tucked-front double knit in Celara, the textured *Celanese Acetate*. Sapphire, green, or black. Sizes 8 to 16. About \$26. At Lord & Taylor, New York; Hudson's, Detroit; Marshall Field & Company, Chicago; Robinson's, Los Angeles; Woodward & Lothrop, Washington, D. C.

Acetate...a *Celanese* contemporary fiber

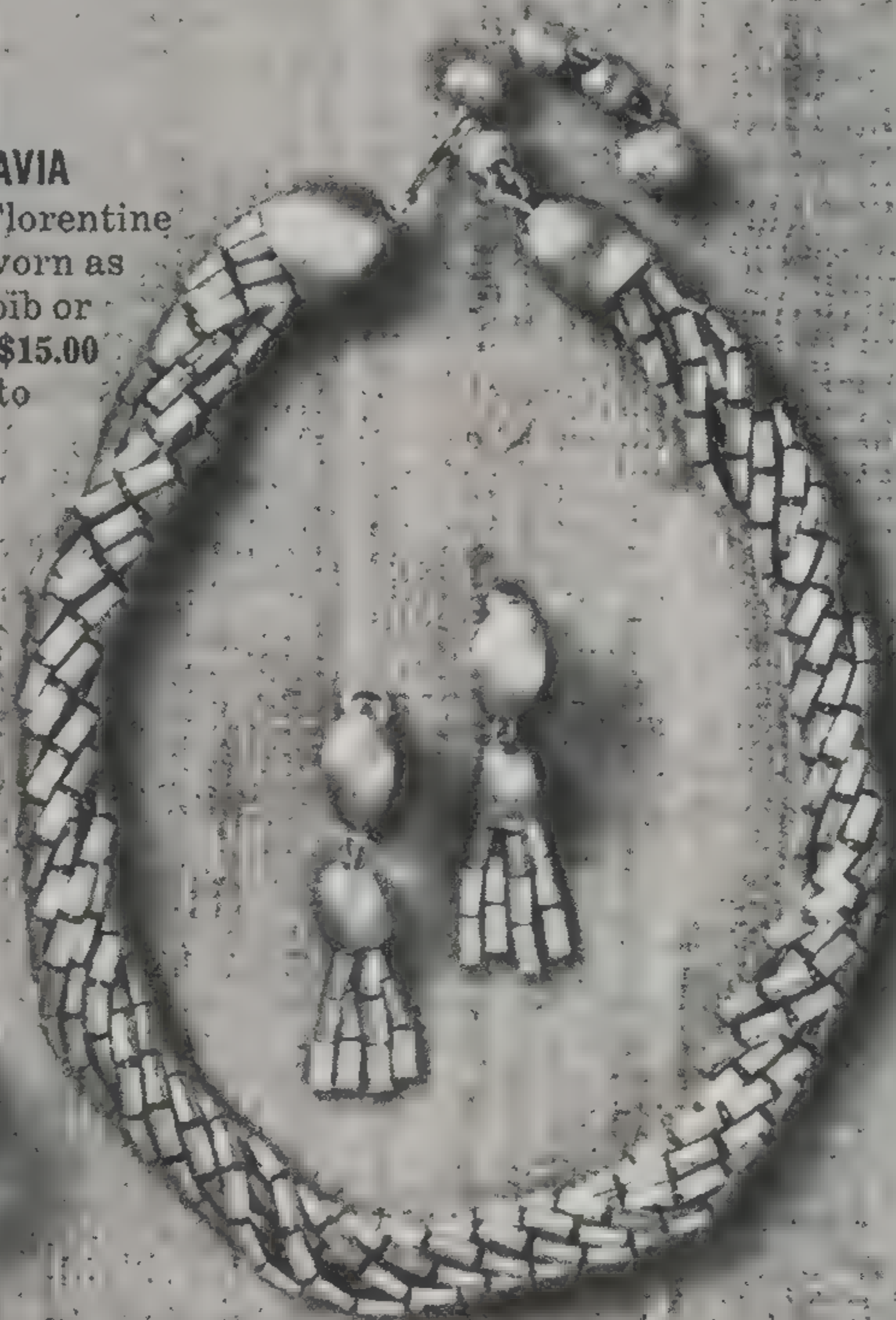
obviously...

Oleg Cassini

Foreign intrigue, smash fashion... what else could it be but Oleg Cassini's new Jet Set Collection? Here shown, just a few treasures from his travels—exotic designs gathered from far corners of the globe.

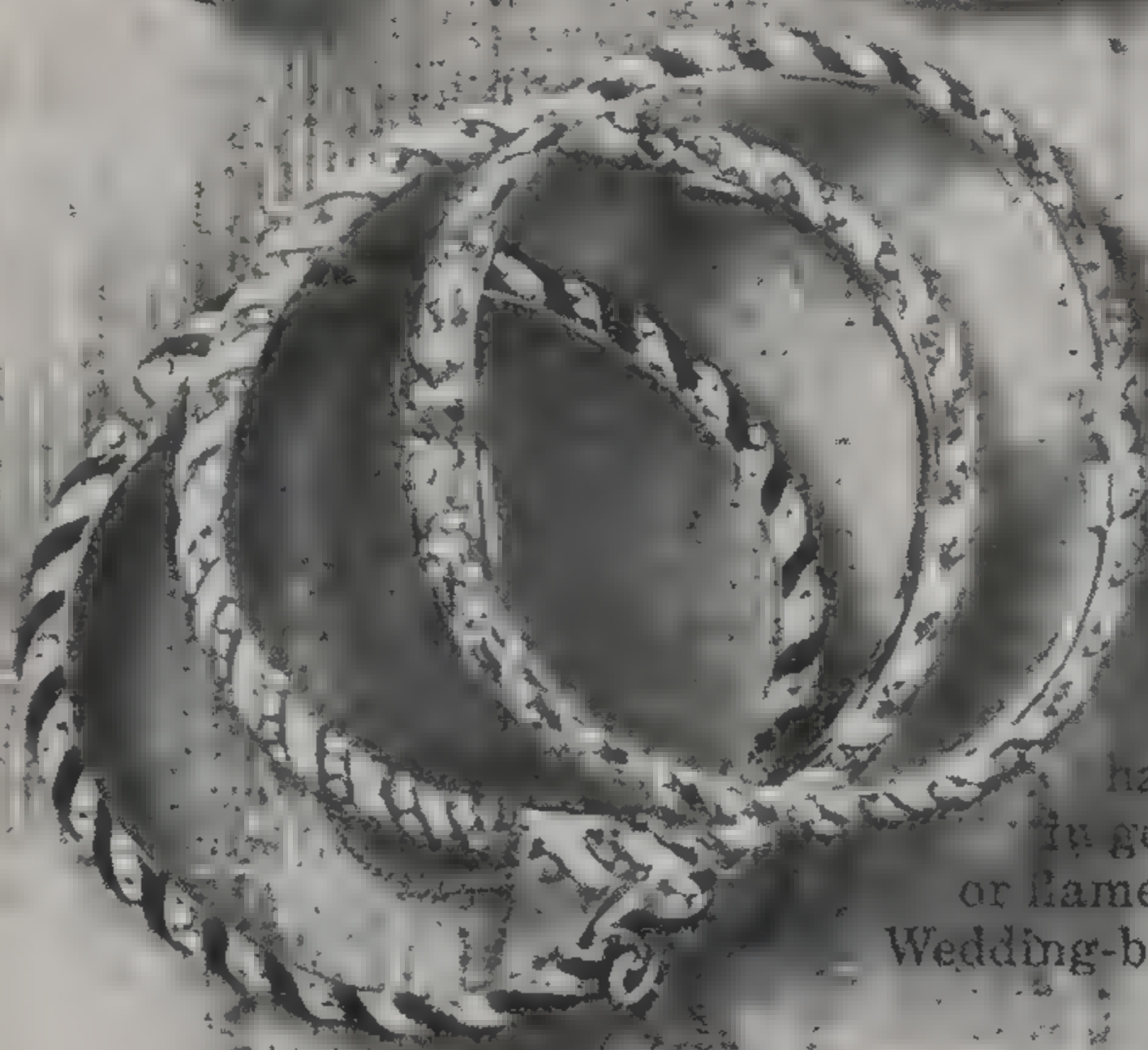
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VOGUE'S READY BEAUTY

*Lipstick situation,
all brushed up*



The relationship between lipstick, lipstick brush, and mirror has for the most part been a delicate one, calling for a rather nifty hand—preferably three of them. Which is why we cheer the efficiency of a new lip-rouge compact that pulls the whole thing together, puts dexterity where of dexterity there was none. A brushed-gold rectangle, it houses all the ingredients for lipstick artwork. A brush from which the working end telescopes out, then disappears for storage. A flat mould of lip colour, creamy and moisturized, that reposes in a refillable holder. A built-in mirror, sized for mouth-doing. . . . A neat and comely event indeed, produced by Tourneur in a rangy choice of regular and frosted lipstick shades and enclosed in a felt jewellery bag. Said one young woman, who likes to describe herself as the owner of two left hands, "Not only does this eliminate the juggling act in lipstick painting, but the brush seems to go out of its way to help you form a mouth line. And any assistance in *that* line, I'm not about to turn down."

*The fragrant life,
a new stretcher-outer*

Near any perfume in whose aura you would like to travel just about all the time there should be, we do not have to tell you, a friendly cologne of identical fragrance persuasion. Two such friends have taken up residence together in a lacy new package: Sortilège by Le Galion, in its straight perfume form and in its lighter-veined "Parfum de Toilette" to fortify the fragrant life, to go on with more splashy abandon. . . . Sortilège means witchcraft, and the spell Sortilège casts comes via florals, woods, ambers, musk—a dramatic blend with stage presence that has long been cherished by women whose own stage presence is notable. Welcome to it in its new fragrance-wardrobe wrappings.



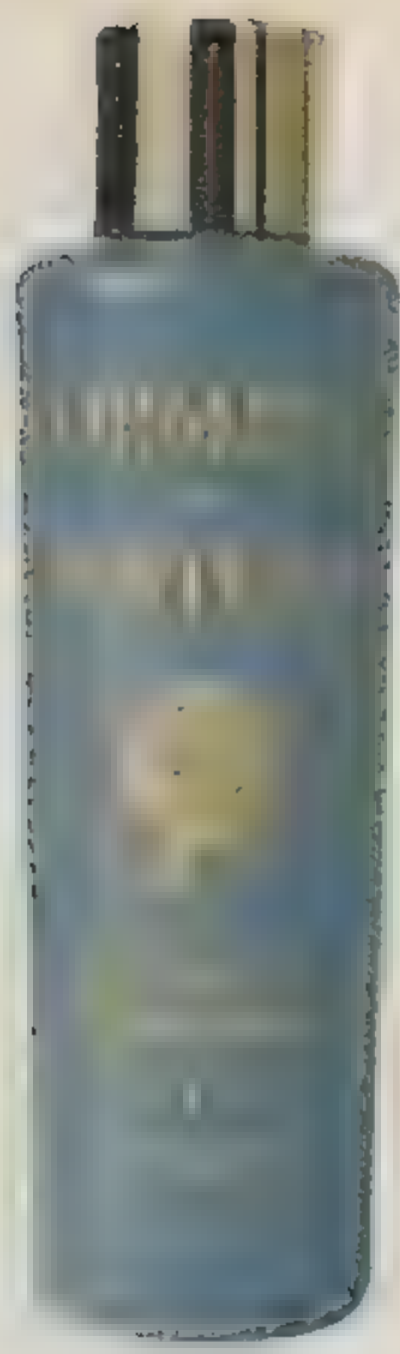


The beautiful thing about Celara is Celanese Acetate

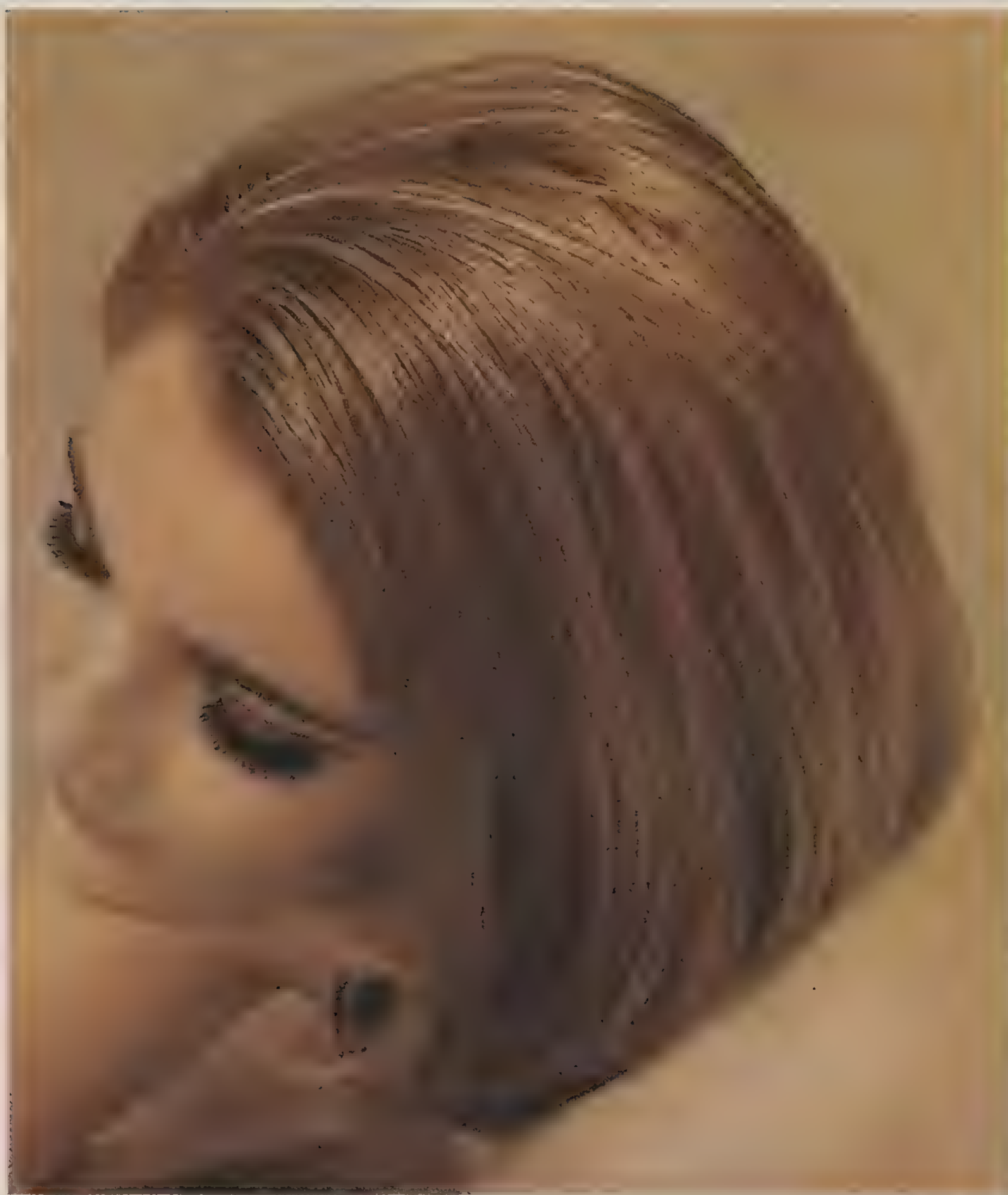
Now in a new, lacy-wave of knit that bubbles with beauty, falls fluidly over a slim skirt. **Cabot's** two-part knit so jubilant and jaunty, it's sure to perk up wardrobes with those end-of-the-summer blues. Celara knit of textured *Celanese Acetate and nylon*. Green, cherry, blue, chamois, black, white. Sizes 8-16. About \$55. At Bergdorf Goodman, N. Y.; Higbee's, Cleveland; Himelhoch's, Detroit; Jackson Graves, Minneapolis; Jordan Marsh Co., Boston.

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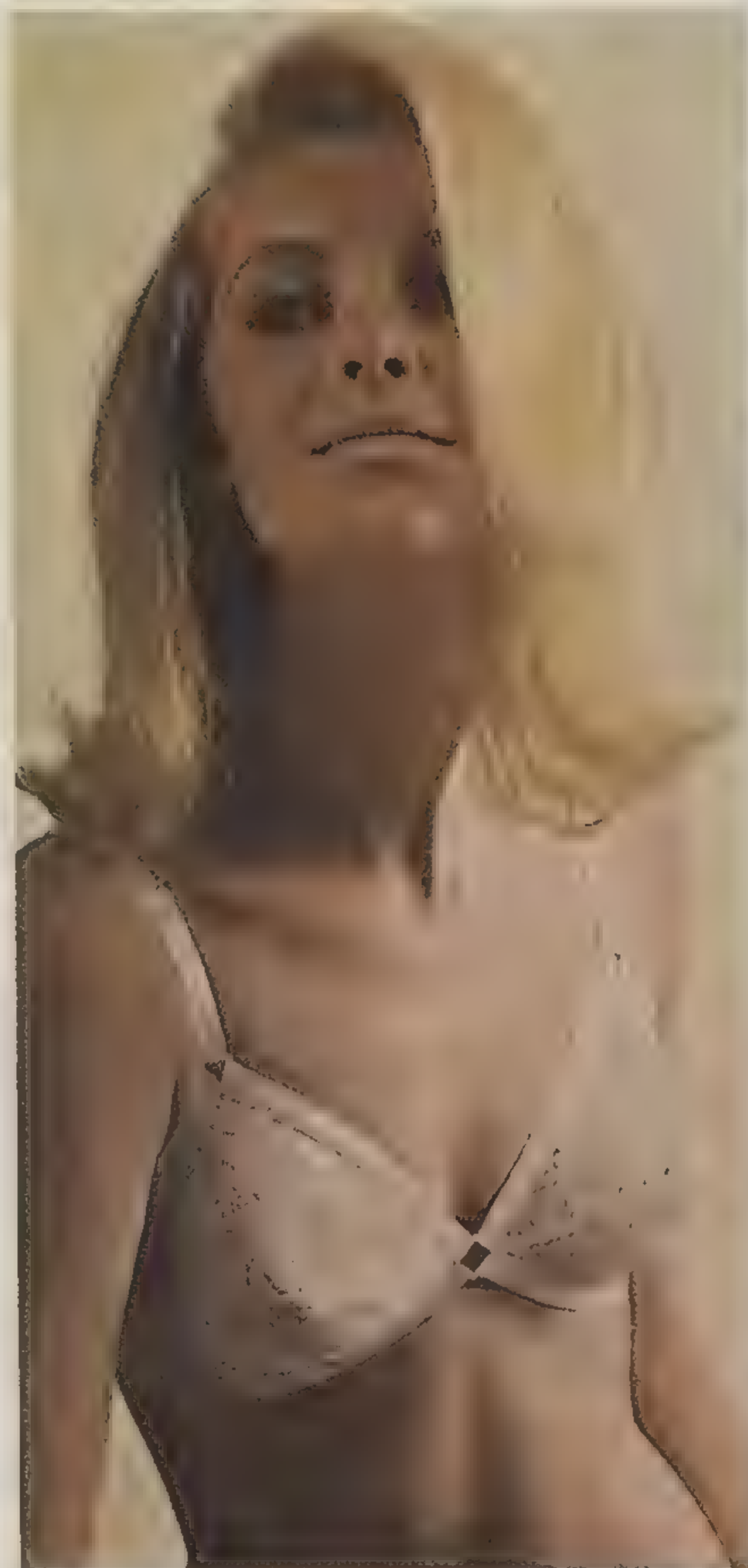
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yourself
show**



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It's Renlyn's 3 piece suit of Heller's artfully textured worsted knit. The suede-fronted outer jacket is a compelling touch. And its crisp lines, its pack-

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Soft colors: Misty Pink, Misty Blue, Daisy Yellow, Alabaster. Under \$60 at the finest stores.

Heller jersey



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This is Madeira...the ultimate luxury in bed linens...hand-embroidered on the isle of Madeira for Wamsutta alone. Madeira hand work has adorned the cradles of princes and the trousseaux of queens. Now you may enjoy this finest of embroideries on the finest of sheets...Wamsutta Supercal[®]. Pink, blue, yellow or white embroideries on white. Now white sale priced from about \$12.95. WAMSUTTA MILLS (Div. of M. Lowenstein & Sons, Inc.), 1430 B'way, N.Y., N.Y. 10018. Makers of Wamsutta Lustercale[®] sheets. Heritage towels, Wamsutta Babycal[®] products and fashion fabrics for women, children, men.

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SUPERCAL



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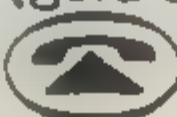
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delivered!

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Neiman-Marcus, all stores.
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Yes, they're KNIT... with all knit's wonderful, no-care manners. This elegant triple-knit worsted is Très Knitte by Armtex, styled with the *Junior Touch* of genius for sizes 5 to 15. Both in Blue and Gold, each about \$30. The bib front (gold stockings included) also in Grey and Gold. Pleated partner also in Redberry and Pink. Armtex, Inc. 350 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y. 10001  FOR ADDITIONAL STORES, — SEE LAST PAGE
prices slightly higher West

Kiss me Kate®

Kate Does a Double Take...
in a red accented suit that
sheds its boy jacket to reveal
a striped chambray
overblouse. In navy blue or
grey poplin, a blend of
Avril® rayon and cotton.
In sizes 3 to 6x, about \$11;
7 to 14, about \$13*.

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BEVERLY HILLS, Haggarty's
BIRMINGHAM, Yeilding's
BUFFALO, The Sample
CHICAGO, Lytton's
DAYTON, Metropolitan Company
EL PASO, Popular Dry Goods
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TANNEL KNITS makes no mystery of what's fashion this season. Plots the excitement in a cloque-surfaced double knit of Dacron* polyester. Shape-keeping intrigue if ever there was. Left: Suit, about \$70. Right: Coat dress, about \$60. Both, 8-18. In sand, black, Paris carnation.

Cloque and Swagger: New Double Knits in DACRON®



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Righto roses. Right from England but strictly Adler. And a jolly sock show it is. Ever so proper by day. Ever Soho by night. But clean-white-sock every sec. Clean-white-sock? American for mod and that's mad. Mad as embroidered red roses skittered all over a stretch of nylon stretching all ways to fit all sizes 9 to 11. Tally ho America with Adler's English Rose. Tallying up at just three dollars and no nonsense.



"WHERE YOU CAN BUY"—SEE LAST PAGE

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This is a Body Slip—feels like wearing nothing at all, looks like wearing nothing at all—and it's appearing on the scene with perfect timing for all the open, airy, lacy new knits in fashion now. A brassière and slip in one, it eliminates a pair of shoulder straps, cleaves to the body like a second golden skin. The brassière, a seamless stretch moulding made of Lycra power net for comfort and smooth control; the slip, a sleekness in tricot (Du Pont nylon). This great follow-up to Warner's famous Body Stocking: about \$7. Lord & Taylor; Dayton's.

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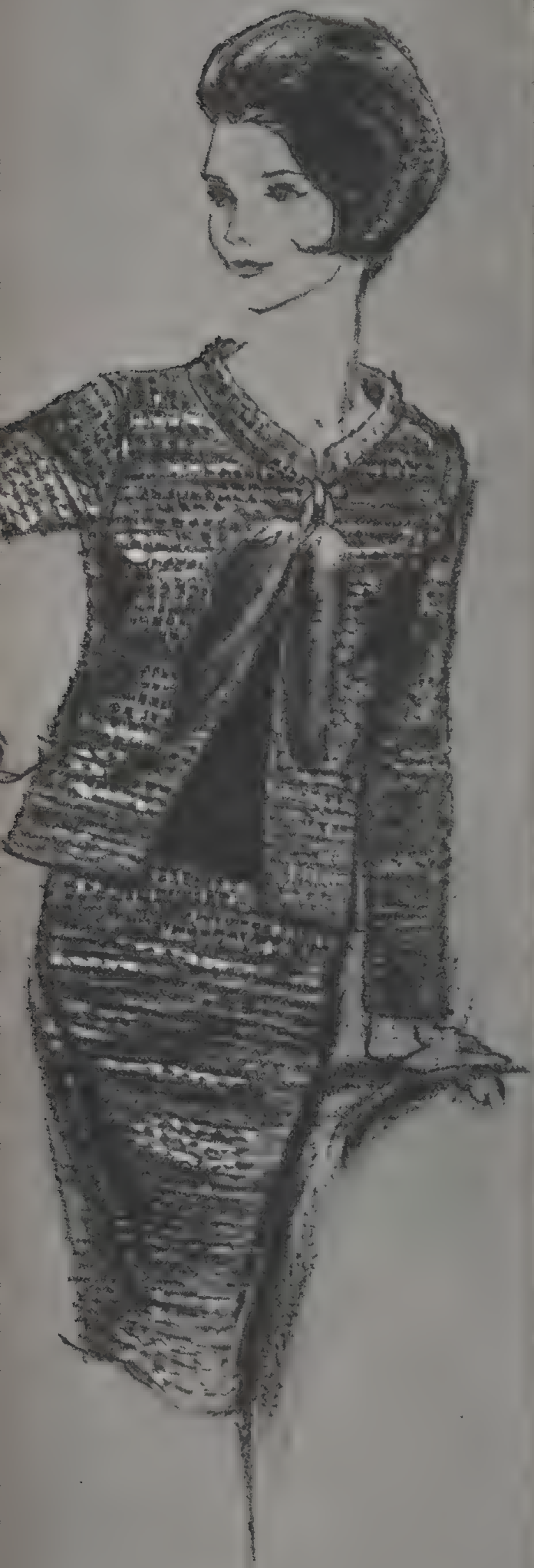
STEPHAN LTD. knits the *real* thing. Understated, yes, but luxury like this never goes unnoticed. (That's Orlon* acrylic for you!)
Left: Two-piece dress, about \$45. Right: Back-belted sheath, about \$35. 6-16. In black, blue, green, red. At stores on facing page.

Meant for Mink: Double Knits of ORLON®



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Connoisseur colors mingle and blend in a splendid wool and mohair three piece suit... a Justin McCarty specialty. The new bracelet collar is caught together with Canadian Sable-tail ties. The black overblouse is rayon and acetate. The suit is grey-black-gold, or blue-green. Misses' Sizes. \$90.

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BEAUTY ✓ CHECKOUT

August 1

What
goes
up

Among what goes up in space ships are sometimes a lot of rumours. To accommodate all the things we've heard that Gemini 4 carried, the ship would have to be the size of the late Ritz-Carlton. However: it seems most likely to us that it's true that something in the way of pectin, possibly in the form of cranberry juice, must have accompanied the astronauts. Pectin apparently does a number of chores for the human body, in space and on land; retention of potassium is one of them. Cranberries are rich in pectin, as are apples, the virtues of which are discussed on page 120. . . . Another bit of luggage that appears to have accompanied the Gemini gentlemen: an exercise device called Exer-Genie, about which Vogue spoke in the June issue. No one connected with Exer-Genie has made this claim, understand. It's just that we assume, after examination of a photograph in *The New York Times*, that either Exer-Genie or a close friend of it made the trip to test the ability of the astronauts to do physical work during flight. . . .

Fab

How is it transplanting, now that it's seen New York—the whole lot of what made the Vidal Sassoon haircut and the Sassoon salon such a London success? "Fab." To the New York salon, which opened on Madison Avenue two months ago via Charles of the Ritz, have come "Women who want our haircut . . . they're not just looking for their own cuts done with our shears." . . . Since this was a crucial question, we thought we'd report. Everybody: "Very happy here." . . .

New
beauty
university

Think of some clichés. Breathing down the neck of *the sea of upturned faces* and all those *friends who are legion* is that business about how *beauty is an ephemeral thing*. Ephemeral? Ephemeral as the Guaranty Trust. Ephemeral as something seen under a 50x magnifying device. . . . Because: even if you happened to be better than fluent in the language of steroid chemistry, or botany, or all of the humanities, you would find in the heart of the beauty industry today the solid splendour of some scientific minds you could make music with—and from which you could learn. . . . A collection of such minds illuminates the recently opened Revlon Research Center where, perhaps surprisingly, the interplay between science and beauty is not merely one-way traffic in the beauty direction. It works the other way around, too. For instance, the principles of aerosol which were explored and developed for all those lovely beauty things that go whoosh, have been applied—right there at Revlon—to a most important service for asthma victims. The latter now have, under the label of Thayer Laboratories (which is a part of the Revlon complex), a pocket-size aerosol device that gives a metred dosage of instant asthma relief in as little time as it takes to press an aerosol-perfume valve. The same principle is being worked out now for angina pectoris people for whom, as in the case of asthma, the speed with which medication can be dispatched to the site of the seizure can be crucial to the speed of recovery. . . . Although the building that makes the Revlon Research Center a new landmark of New York is surrounded on its brief lawn by its first (thirsty) blades of grass, its construction has meant to most of the staff simply continuation of work begun twenty-five years ago at Revlon Laboratories, but continuing now in an ambience generally considered ideal. (Come to admire, investigate, poke about the spectacular setup and equipment recently: a number of dermatologists and other scientists in New York for the big A.M.A. meeting.) . . . Nonetheless, for all the brilliance of its scientific staff, and for all the scientific sophistication that abounds there, one extremely important member of the research department is a woman whose job it is to play *dumb*. "Misuse is still the most important test of any product," Charles Revson said—and to abuse every instruction on the label, every directive on the box, is the official assignment of one of the key staff-members of the Center. Can the product survive astigmatism when it comes to reading the rules? . . .



ROSE MARIE REID BIKINI

If you're going bare be beautiful with Bonne Bell Moisture Lotion.

Since this is just the Season you'll be showing skin, make sure you *can* show it off. Not only can you with Bonne Bell Moisture Lotion, but it will produce the balance of moisture essential for firming, smoothing, refin-

ing. Correcting and preventing dryness. Use it on your face (as a make-up base here's superbdom); use it right down to your toes. And, after sunning, you'll be barely sensational. We promise.

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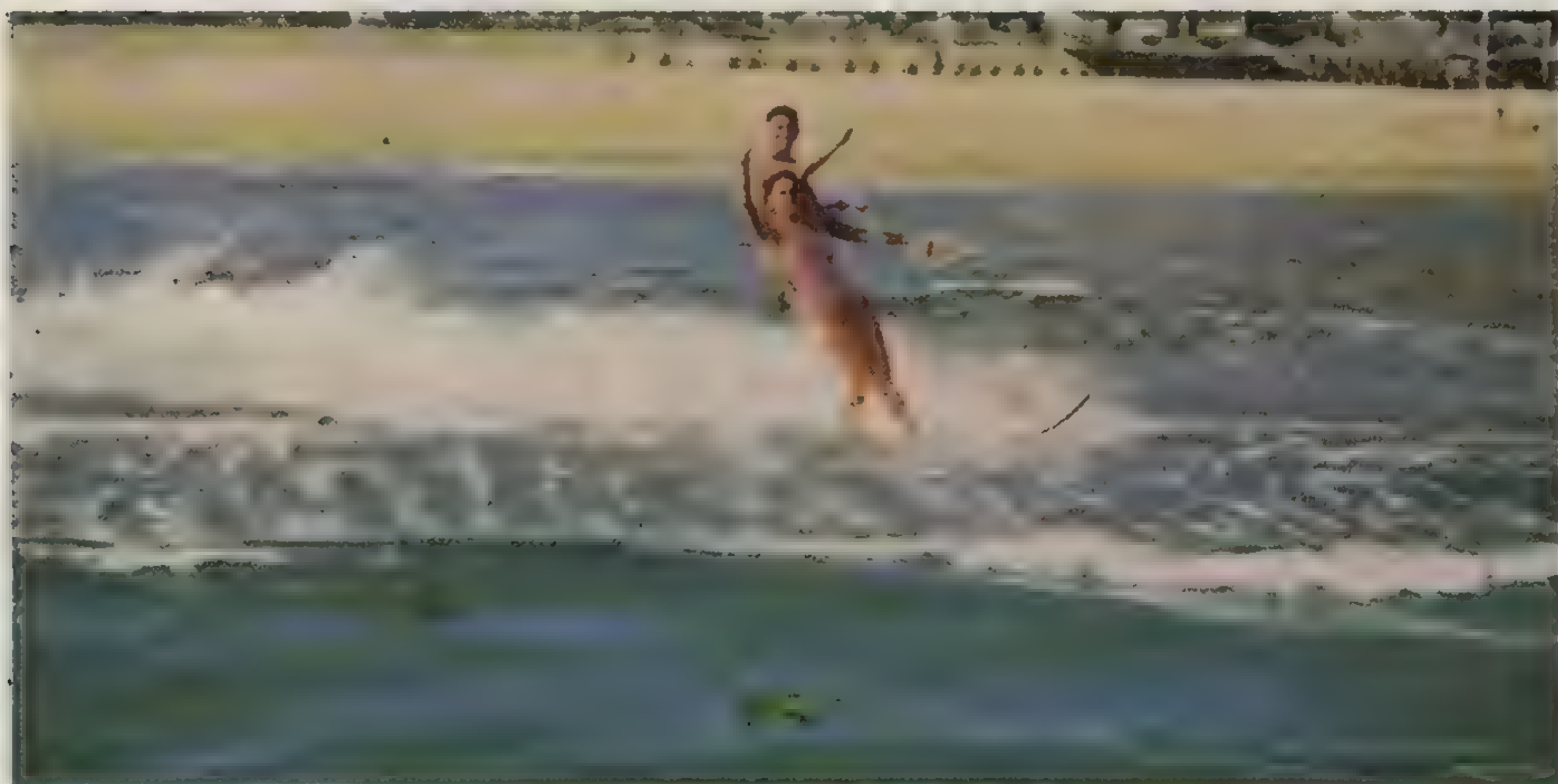


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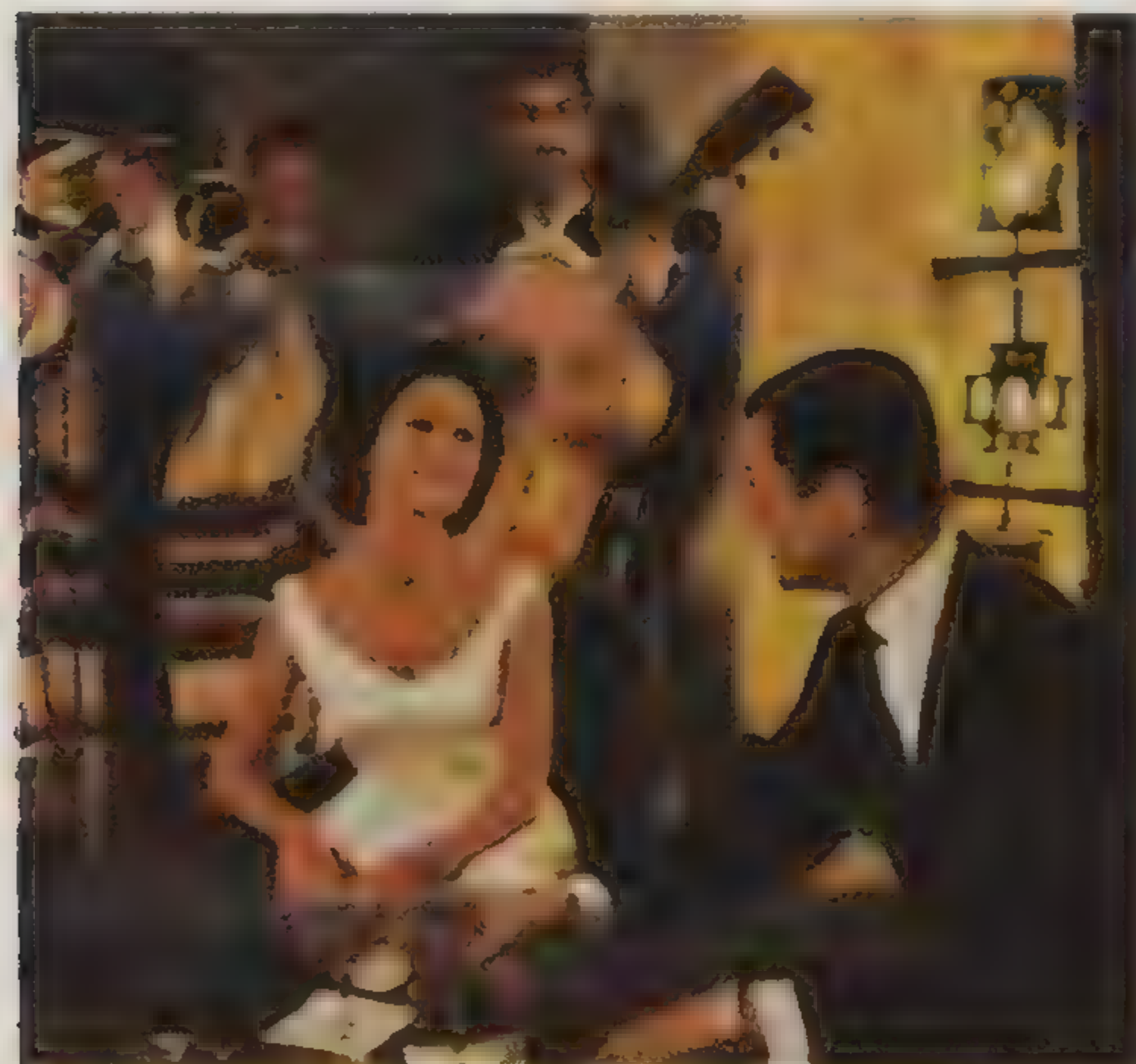
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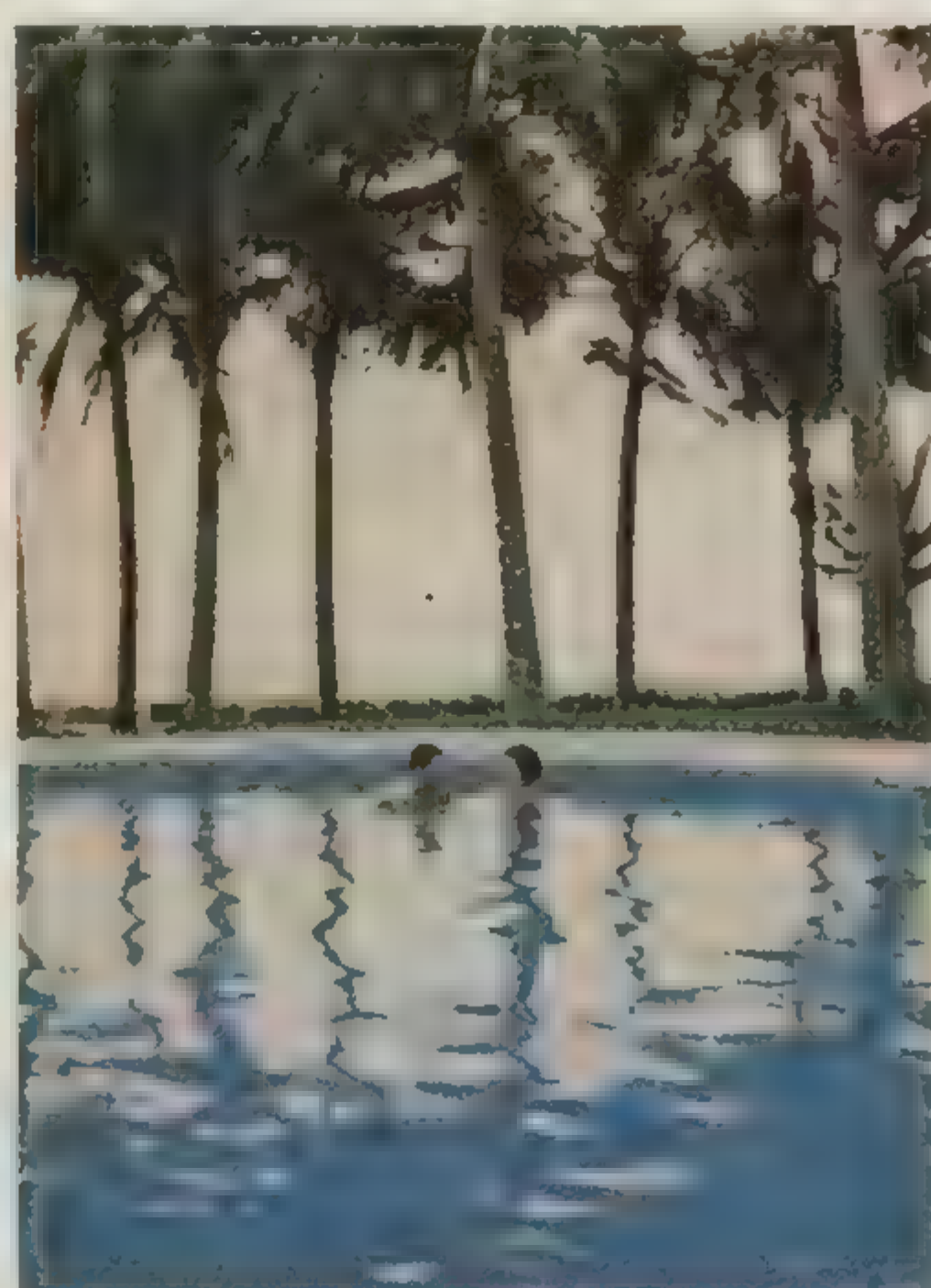
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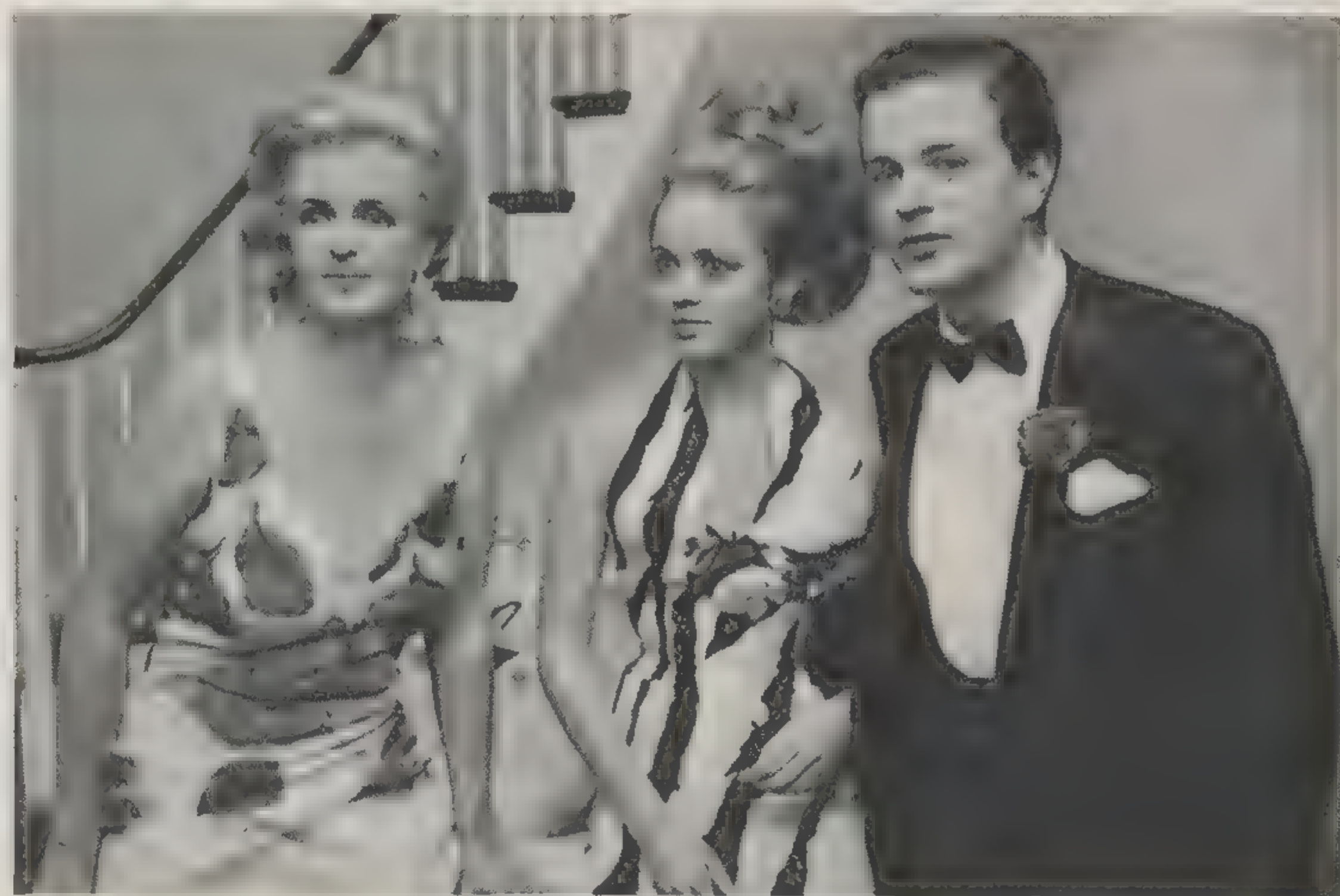
Mexican National Tourist Council ■ Mexican Government Tourism Department

VOGUE'S

*A rocketing dance, in New York,
at Lady Sarah Russell's*

It was the British-American engagement of the year . . . Blenheim Palace and Texas. . . Lord Charles Spencer-Churchill, son of the tenth Duke of Marlborough, to Miss Gillian S. Fuller, pretty eighteen-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Fuller of Fort Worth and New York. To celebrate this marriage which will take place in New York next month, Lady Sarah Russell, Lord Charles's sister, gave a hopping party in her newly chosen New York brownstone. She planted the still-empty rooms and garden with pink tulips and white lilies brought by the truckload from her Southampton greenhouses. Walls and tables swerved under jouncing Op Art cottons (all with the help of party designer Jack Kelly), and young, dancing people simply swerved. The result, after a quiet dinner for close friends and family, was an evening that took off, like the patterns on the walls. Downstairs the dining room became a discothèque where, till dawn, guests shook their heads, wrung their hands, jerked their feet in all the Op-est, British-American dances: including the Freddy, from England, and the home-grown Lurch in which everyone makes like a monster.

1. Lady Sarah Russell with the engaged couple, Miss Gillian S. Fuller and Lord Charles Spencer-Churchill. 2. Miss Mimi Russell, daughter of the hostess. 3. Miss Jennifer O'Neil; Mr. François de Ménil. 4. Miss Fuller; Lord Charles Spencer-Churchill. 5. Miss Minnie Cushing; Mr. Oscar de la Renta. 6. Mrs. Winston Frost; Mr. Robert Bourisk; Mrs. William McKnight; Mr. Eric Gustafson. 7. Miss Joan Gallagher; Mr. William Fielding.



1



2



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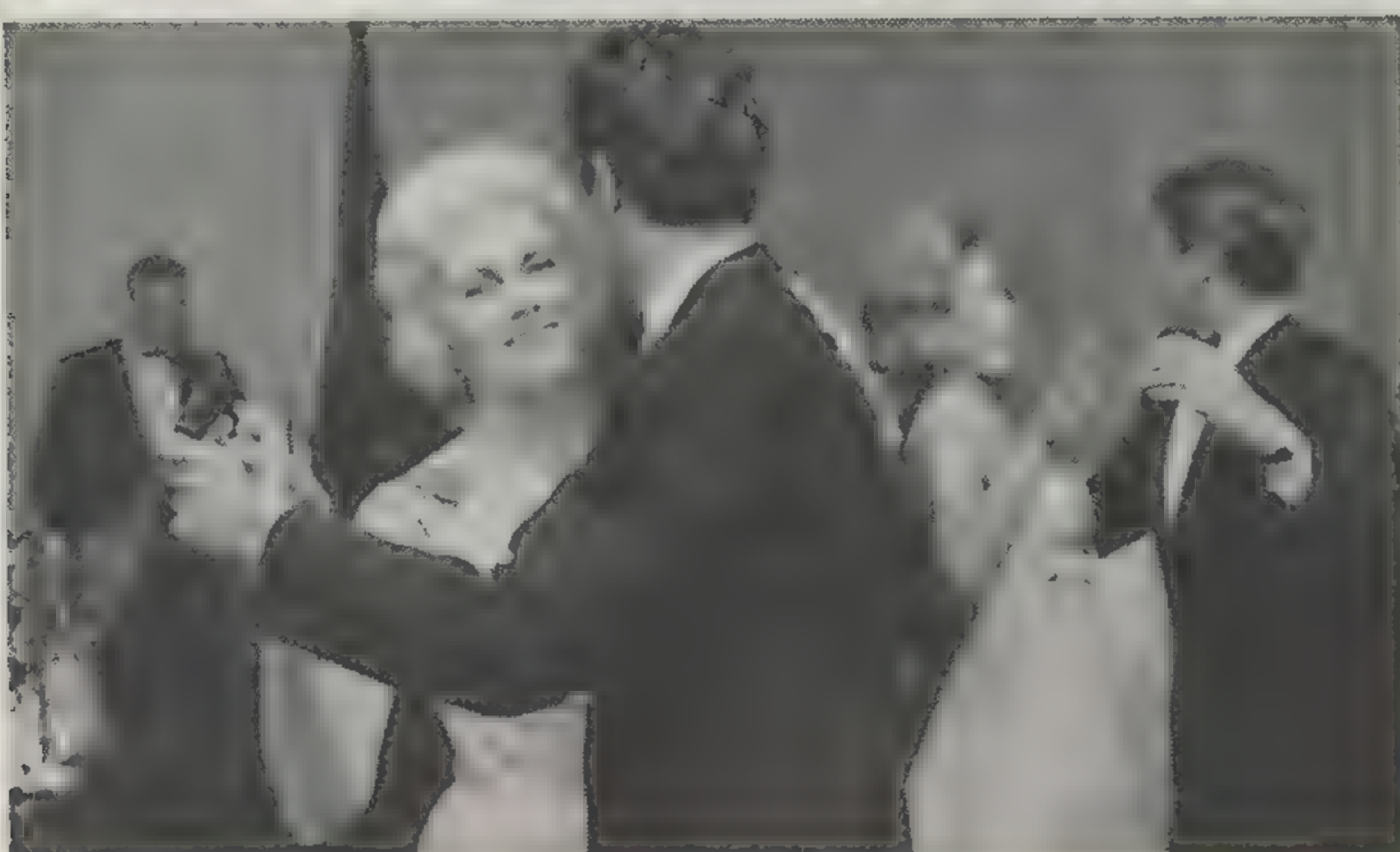
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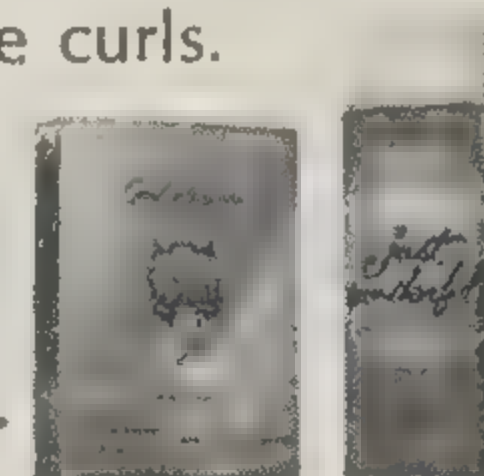


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It's back!

Leave the straight-haired look behind you. The curl is back in fashion. And it's so much more becoming. But *not* those tight little homemade curls. This time it's big, soft, seductive curls. The kind of curl that starts in a good salon. With a good permanent wave. The kind of curl that's yours to *have* and to *hold*. With **Caryl Richards** Just Wonderful Wave, Just Wonderful Hair Spray.



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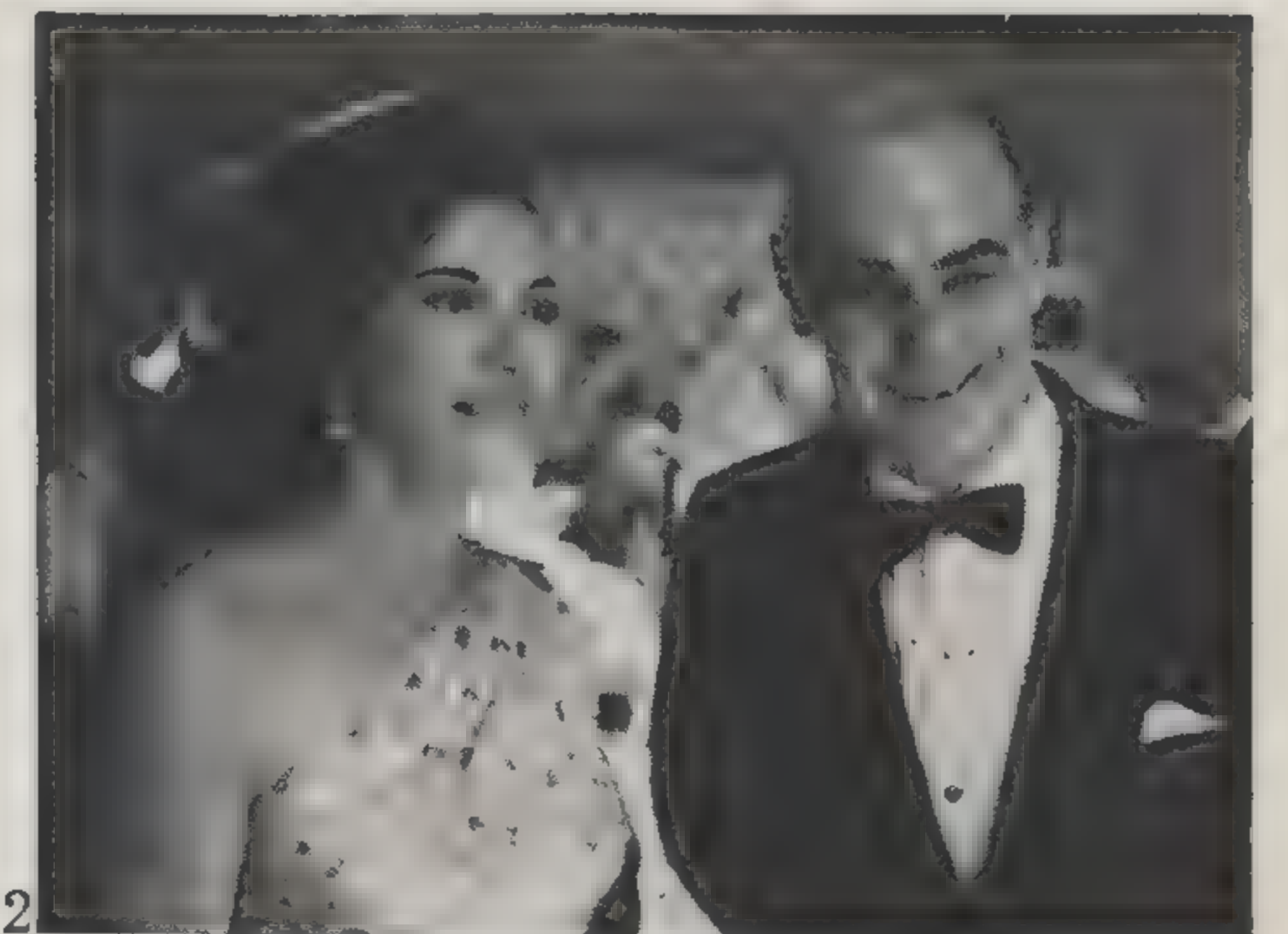
Fiesta at the Pavilion of Spain— New York World's Fair

For this gala the Pavilion of Spain gave its best. A new show of Goyas, El Grecos, and Picassos. The peerless dancing of Manuela Vargas. *Sangria*, *Fresones à la Valenciana*, and *gazpacho*. And girls in mauve Balenciaga suits to steer visiting Spaniards, diplomats, and New Yorkers. A split Hispano-American benefit for the Kips Bay Boys' Club and the San Rafael Home in Madrid, this fiesta had everything but the bulls. They stayed in Spain.

1. The flamenco troupe. 2. Mrs. Anthony M. Del Balso, Chairman; Spanish Ambassador Marqués Alfonso Merry del Val. 3. Mr. and Mrs. Eric M. Javits. 4. Señor and Señora Pedro Manuel de Arístegui of the Spanish Consulate. 5. U.N. Minister and Señora Jaime de Piniés in front of Picasso's "The Painter and His Model." 6. Manuela Vargas on stage. 7. Ambassador John Davis Lodge with his daughter, Señora de Oyarzabal. 8. Señorita Nativida Abascal with Spanish guides. 9. Mrs. Gilbert Miller; Mrs. John Davis Lodge.



1



2



3



4

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The new catalogue of the famous Metropolitan Museum cards. This year a Spanish primitive of the Three Kings in scarlet, green, and gold, a della Robbia Nativity, a fifteenth century street scene by a Flemish master, a Raphael Madonna, a blue and gold Japanese scroll of celestial musicians, a circus painting from a French snuff-box, a prancing lion and a rose in embroidered silks, and a collection of brilliant watercolor sketches of Early American sleighs are among the more than fifty new designs. ☆ All of the cards are printed under the direct supervision of the Museum in limited editions and cost from 5 to 95 cents each. They can be bought *only* by mail or at the Museum itself. The catalogue—which also illustrates Museum jewelry and other unusual Christmas gifts—will be mailed about September first.

The Metropolitan Museum of Art

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G2

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7



8



9



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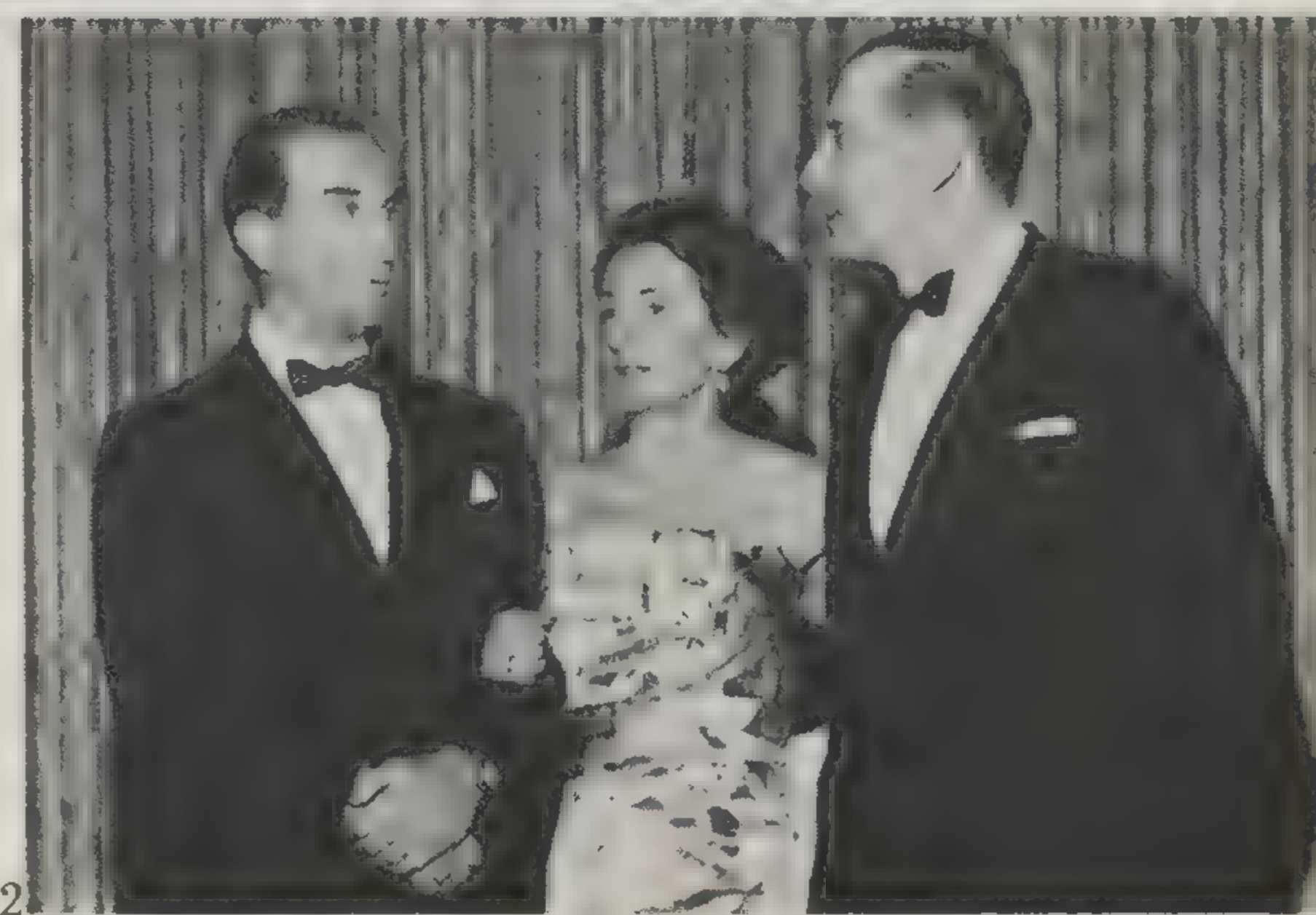
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VOGUE'S

A sparky Pucci party, in Philadelphia—the twelfth annual Starlight Ball

Italian clothes lit up the party. For this year's Starlight Ball, Signora Gian Piero Nuti, whose husband is the Italian Consul General in Philadelphia, produced as star her brother, Marchese Emilio Pucci. He arrived from Florence with six suitcases of new Puccis: bikinis, shirts, dinner dresses, great hooded burnouses for the beach, billowing harem pants, and jewels from his own collection to go with them. The result, benefiting the Nationalities Service Center and its programs to help newcomers from abroad get settled, was a jumping fashion show. Signora Nuti hung the ballroom with the Renaissance pennants of Siena's famous horse race, the Palio, put red straw Florentine hats on the tables where nearly seven hundred guests drank Soave Bolla, dined *à la Bolognese*, *à la Genovese*, *à la Napoletani*. Everything was Italian . . . except the band. That was Greek.



1. The fashion show. 2. Marchese Emilio Pucci; Dr. and Signora Gian Piero Nuti. 3. Miss Beata Dabrowska. 4. Mr. John Adams Fairall; Mrs. Arthur C. Kaufmann. 5. Miss Catherine Berger Moore with her father, Mr. C. Atwell Moore. 6. Mrs. Anthony J. Drexel Biddle; Mr. Otto J. Patzau. 7. Mr. George Sherbatoff; Mrs. John Wintersteen. 8. Mrs. Reeves Wetherill; Signor Roberto Vitali. 9. Donna Maria di Niscemi.

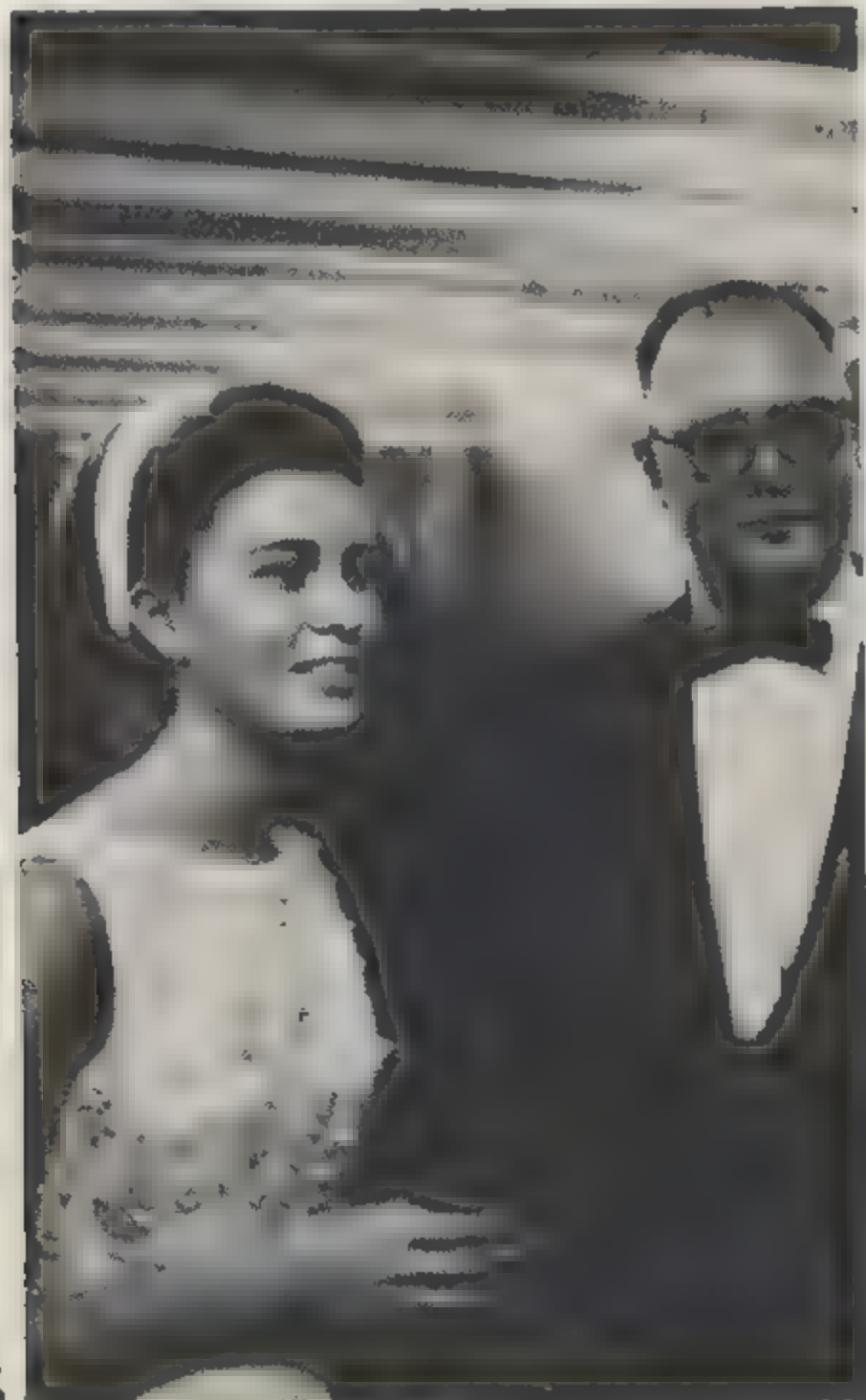
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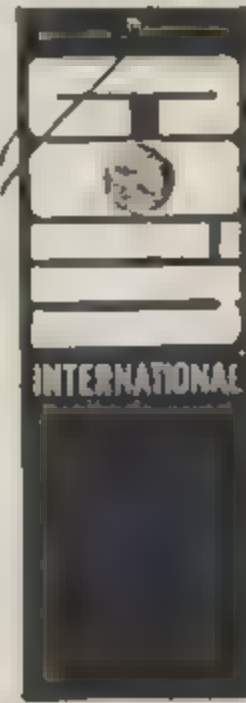
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8

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VOGUE'S
NOTEBOOK:

TRAVEL

By Eleanor Perényi

Sicily by Summer.

"clear green gin"

Taormina is a resort that is old enough to be your grandmother. A fashionable English bolt-hole until the Second World War, the town has steadily declined since then into the familiar Götterdämmerung of German tourism and cruise stopovers. Hopeless. And besides it is too pretty. Fashions in landscape change like any others, and today the hideous part of an otherwise beautiful country is the one to be sought: bone-bare Mykonos, the bleak chic of Porto Ercole and Porto Santo Stefano on what is perhaps the only really plain strip of Italian coast. The panorama is dead and the panorama is exactly what Taormina has, the kind of view of snow-streaked volcano, seen across sea and olive groves and Graeco-Roman ruins, that sent the Victorians into a trance and leaves us cold.

D. H. Lawrence, who lived at Villa Fontana Vecchia, one of the local landmarks, began this anger against sheer looks. He found Mt. Etna evil, a baleful eye in the landscape. Now it is something worse—it is banal. This is a pity, because the view really is as beautiful as the older generation said it was, and in summer the town has an advantage nearly unique in Europe: it is empty.

Nobody but nobody goes to Sicily in summer. True, Gayelord Hauser, the health man, has a ravishing villa a few miles up the coast from Taormina, where he stays *only* in summer. At his cocktail parties, a donkey about the size of a St. Bernard trots around eating the hors d'oeuvres, while the guests gaze dreamily toward Calabria across the strait; in the languid evenings it is as if the donkey were no more than a pigeon nibbling maize. True, too, the English Duke of Bronte (a title first given to Lord Nelson), who is in England Viscount Bridport, but in Sicily the enlightened landlord of a semi-feudal estate on the slopes of Mt. Etna, usually stays home in summer. But somehow no one mentions these presences. Sicily is *out*.

Partly, this is climatic. Although no hotter than any other Mediterranean island, Sicily has not survived the Edwardian view of the region, which is also that of illustrious Sicilians: uninhabitable. "All around quivered the funereal countryside," Lampedusa described the Sicilian summer in *The Leopard*, "yellow with stubble, black with burned patches; the lament of cicadas filled the sky. It was like a death rattle of parched Sicily at the end of August vainly awaiting rain." In the west of the island, and in fact everywhere in the interior, this is true—though not last summer, which was a confusion of thunderstorms. In the east, along the coast, it is not like that. By day, the tiny pebbles on the beaches scorch the naked foot so that one must run to the cool, glassy water; by evening an invariable breeze arouses itself and drifts off the sea, so that sleep is easy. Exactly, in fact, the pattern of other Mediterranean islands with a better reputation.

Never mind. Sicily's poor reputation means, among other things, that its vast, luxurious hotels, built at nearly every beauty spot in that distant touristic era—hotels like the Villa Politi at Syracuse which sheltered André Gide for many happy winters, the San Domenico at Taormina, Palermo's Villa Igiea—are perhaps the only ones in Europe longing to have people come and stay, and to give, if the stay is long enough, a rate. Their great cool rooms are empty, their service undiminished, and most of



them run little buses to the beach every day.

In Taormina, *the* beach is Mazzarò, a sandy bowl of water like clear green gin, enclosed by rocks, never crowded. Steps leading down to it through geranium and rose terraces go straight to Delfino's, a branch of Angelo's, Taormina's best restaurant, with cabins to change in and a tiny pebbled terrace where guests can lunch in bathing suits on *pesce spada* and *cozze*. Beyond Mazzarò is a coast of improbable beauty. The road, running through miles of fishing villages, is lined with oleander trees like bouquets of pink dust. All the side streets lead to the beach, casual, not very tidy.

At the village of Letoianni, a plumed, caparisoned Sicilian horse and cart turn up on the beach every noon. The horse salutes the bathers by rearing on its hind legs, is given a glass of wine. The cart is loaded with sand. Presently, the whole affair is plunging softly back toward the road—at twenty yards almost invisible in the blinding light.

At Letoianni, too, is Da Peppe; the kind of family inn—dishevelled courtyard growing its own herbs in pots, mama cooking delicious food in the open kitchen—I would rather keep all knowledge of to myself, were it not that the family is poor and longs for trade.

Smart English and Sicilians know all about Da Peppe, but in the winter tourist season it is closed and summer business is thin. It is still the kind of place that serves lunch out on the beach under an umbrella and lets guests leave their bathing things in one of the downstairs rooms. (The regular Taormina-Messina bus stops at Da Peppe's; otherwise one must go by taxi—fifteen minutes from Taormina.)

Interior travel in Sicily is *not* recommended in summer. I tried motoring to the Roman villa outside the village of Piazza Armerina (its mosaics are perhaps the finest in existence) and I felt in danger of scalding to death. The coast is something else. From Taormina, it is an easy drive to Syracuse where, every other summer, the best actors in Italy put on Greek plays (but in Italian, which sounds funny to veterans of Epidaurus or the Herodes Atticus in Athens) in the theatre, where the view is, alas, now much marred by encroaching industrialism on the Syracusan plain.

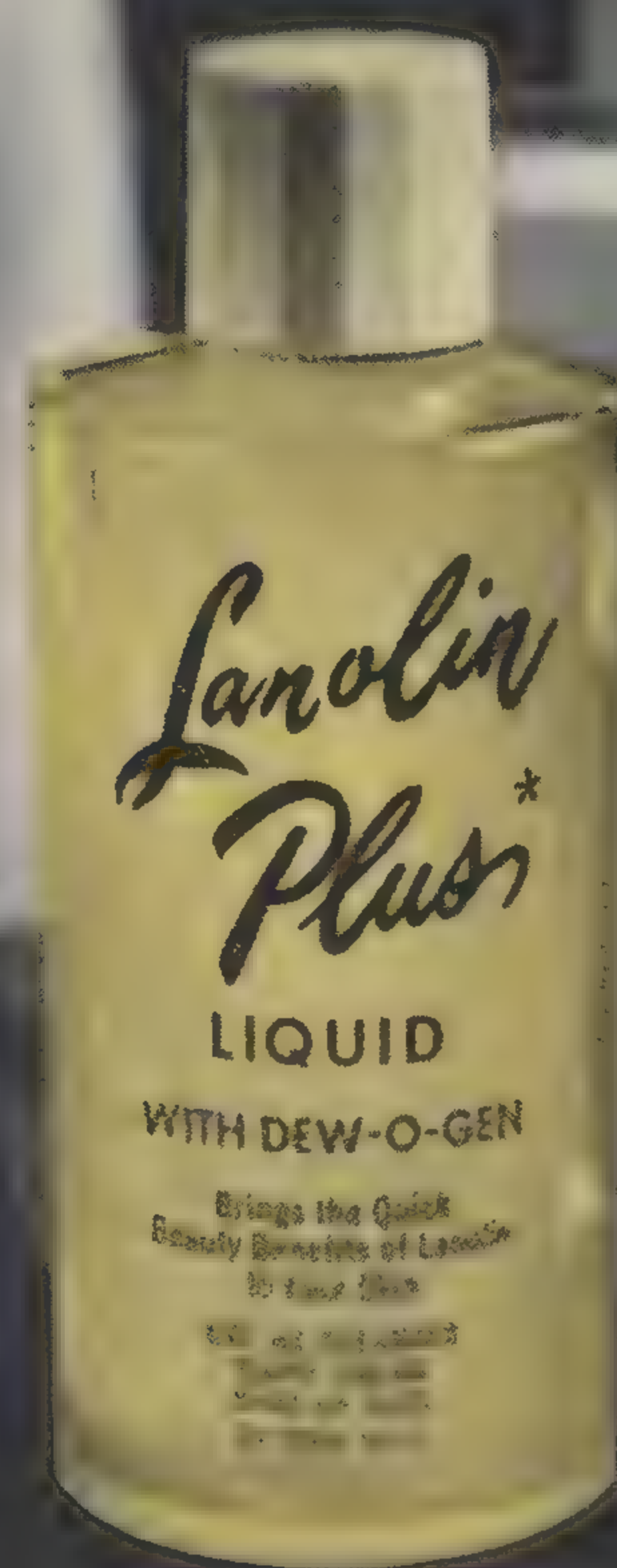
Messina is in the other direction, and from Messina boats or hydrofoils (which are what people who hate flying always wish flying could be like) go to the Lipari Islands, Sicily's volcanic dependencies, which are beginning to be news.

Cleveland Amory's law of resorts—artists followed by good rich followed by bad rich—is working punctually in the Liparis, except that the bad rich have not yet arrived. Four islands are involved. Stromboli, which still sounds like Ingrid Bergman and Rossellini, has a *pensione* said to be good, and the author of *The World of Suzie Wong*. Panarea has an excellent *pensione* and the artists; the two prettiest houses on the island belong to Erika Bransen, who runs London's Hanover Gallery, and to the Chilean painter Matta.

Vulcano has Les Sables Noirs, one of those rarified hotels which is imagined to be unknown until arrival. Then the visitor discovers that there is a rumour that Adlai Stevenson and Prince Philip have just left—or are to arrive next week. Skin-diving is the point here, and privacy—the hotel does not offer the confusion or charm of daily life in a fishing village. Lastly, there is Lipari itself, busy, beautiful, with good hotels (the Rocce Azzure and the Augustus) and the Filippino restaurant and, astonishingly, a first-rate museum of Graeco-Sicilian artifacts.

The Liparis can be reached by boat from Naples, Palermo, and Milazzo as well as from Messina; and there is more or less regular inter-island service. Recommended: an exploratory tour rather than a lengthy reservation in advance. The islands vary greatly, as does Sicily, in atmosphere, accommodations, even swimming conditions: Lipari has rocks, Panarea a sandy beach.

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VOGUE'S
NOTEBOOK :

TRAVEL

By Joan Didion

New Museum in Mexico,

"an assault upon the imagination"

Mexico City that week was hot, rich, dense with Texans drinking Margaritas and buying French silks and trying to get reservations for Puerto Vallarta, but we were there only to work, and we were tired. "You must see the new anthropological museum," everyone said; people said it in the jammed restaurants, in the elevators of the Bamer and the María Isabel, in the commissary at Estudio Churubusco. "You must make time." We nodded wanly. We dreamed of beaches. Nonetheless I went one afternoon at six o'clock, recalcitrant and cross and alone ("I have found my way around *plenty of museums* without you, just never you fear," I informed my husband, and slammed the door, cracking still more plaster in a city where buildings sometimes seem to crack before they are dedicated); and perhaps that, after all, was the way to go, for the new National Museum of Anthropology in Chapultepec Park is less a conventional museum than an assault upon the imagination, and such places move us most when they catch us exactly so: alone, recalcitrant, unawares.

What could I tell you? That the Pedro Ramirez Vasquez building—with its massive fitted blocks of volcanic stone, its expanses of featureless marble, its profligacy of water—seems as emotional as a ruin, as timeless and brutal as Mexico itself? That the building houses one of the world's great archaeological collections, sum of all we know of all the years before Cortés? It is not enough to tell you. To understand you must go alone at twilight, must walk very slowly across the vast approach, listen as the traffic on the Reforma recedes into some profound stillness. On a knoll among the pepper and eucalyptus trees, among the pines, blowing, closing in, rests a giant stone Olmec head, the long grass grown around it as if it had been there always. To see that is to begin to imagine for a vicarious flickering moment what John Lloyd Stephens saw when he glimpsed Copán in the jungle rot of Honduras: "It lay before us like a shattered bark in the midst of the ocean, her masts gone, her name effaced, her crew perished, and none to tell whence she came, to whom she belonged, how long on her voyage, or what caused her destruction." [This summer the Olmec head is at the New York World's Fair.]

Or so it seemed to me. Inside, the collection is too overwhelming to see all at once; one comes away remembering certain small things, haunted by oddities. A jade bat, a small perfect thing. A child's toy, the figure of a dog *on a wheeled platform*—found in the ruins of a people who had perceived no other use for wheels. A head from Monte Albán, a face with two expressions, the left evil and the right virtuous. The night I was there a guide led five or six other Americans through the monumental rooms, her careful English drowned now and then by the shattering of the water in the central court, a great open fall of water from a canopy, a fall that suggests only immolation. I walked with the group for an hour or so, listening to the guide talk in her pretty monotone about gold and jade and sacrificial games, and then I fell behind, to watch the falling water in the court. I stood by the water a long time, until my face was wet from the blowing mist and it was time to go to dinner. I did not tell my husband about the falling water, but he knew, because when I suggested casually that we spend a few months in Yucatán, he said only: "Two months might be stretching that particular rôle." After a moment we both laughed, and the orchestra played "The Yellow Rose of Texas" for the Texans, and we had another drink, to self-deceptions.



By Alan Brien

IN LONDON: *The Royal Hunt of the Sun*,
"eye-dazzling, ear-bending"

Peter Shaffer's *The Royal Hunt of the Sun* seems designed as an epic for eggheads, an intellectual spectacular, an eye-dazzling, ear-bending, buttonholing blend of *Ben Hur*, *The King and I*, and *The Devils*. At least two moments from it have already become famous—images indelibly stamped on the retina.

There is the first appearance of the Inca, Atahualpa, Son of the Sun, man-god and mascot-king of an Indian empire fifteen million strong. The massy, gilded rosette of Catholic Spain, a giant seal of authority embossed high up on the back wall of the stage, suddenly flowers open. The black cross of Christianity is shattered into fragments and blossoms like an anemone into the flaming symbol of a pagan star. Inside this bubble, a reflection in a magic mirror, the Inca hangs in the pitchy air, awaiting the arrival of the white immortals from beyond the ocean, foretold by his ancestors.

Then there is the final tableau: the garrotted Atahualpa, a naked, pale-chocolate Christ in a loin cloth, his limbs as smooth and graceful as a girl's, his face set in an agonized iguana sneer, lies in the light of a new day when his father, the Sun, should arouse him to life again like a favourite child. Around him cluster the black-robed priests in gold masks, their outsize metal faces daubed with the comical, surprised expressions of businessmen in a Steinberg cartoon. In slow rhythm, the robot heads swivel from earth to sky counting out the time divinely allotted for the resurrection. Crouched beside the corpse is the Spanish general, Pizarro, the spiky-bearded, frost-bitten hulk of a Crusoe who has murdered his Man Friday but still crazily hopes in his atheist heart that here, on the rim of a new world, another saviour may conquer death. The immobile masks of the worshippers seem, in the changing lights, to alter from awe to amazement through resentment to despair, as they realize that the sun has grown hot and bright while the god lies stiff and cold.

Such super-impositions of sight upon sense, such marriages of picture and meaning, are traditionally part of the rich blood of the theatre, grown rather anaemic after decades of domestic drama. And they are only the most spectacular of many in Peter Shaffer's almost science-fiction opera.

Some critics have suggested that the colours and patterns and noises and mimes which embroider the surface of the action are all added like icing to a cake by the talented production team. But the truth is that Peter Shaffer, who reworked the play over years, saw all the pictures and heard all the sounds before the text left his desk. His themes are on a colossal, heroic scale—theology, sociology, psychology, history, politics, morals melted into one gigantic cauldron to brew a mixture which would daunt even Wagner. And I would dearly like to report that this ambitious re-creation of one of the world's greatest crimes was as impressive to the intellect as to the eye. But *The Royal Hunt of the Sun* becomes somehow a wide-screen pageant more rewarding to remember in retrospect than to experience in the flesh. Mr. Shaffer's language, though always bold and picturesque like that of a born storyteller, simply can not encompass such a spectrum. It buckles and flattens under the load. His ideas continually fall short of really outrageous originality. And there is a nagging ambiguity in his tone of voice as though he is never quite sure whether he is competing with Rider Haggard or Christopher Fry. We carry away a stunning selection of pictures, a bubbling repertoire of sounds, but the arguments fade even as we listen.

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Details, pages 54-55

Dog Years,

"unrefined, unsmelted ore"

Eddi Amsel and Walter Matern, blood brothers from childhood days in East Prussia's Vistula estuary, share the stage of history with a family of dogs in Günter Grass's *Dog Years* (Harcourt, Brace and World). This novel of undisciplined *Walpurgisnacht-musik* commemorates Germany in the years 1924-1957. Having survived various metamorphic adjustments to German life, the half-Jewish Amsel declares, "... I love the Germans. Ah, how mysterious they are, how full of the forgetfulness which is pleasing to God! ... what other country in the world can boast such brown, velvety gravies?" In the course of three decades, Amsel, boy scarecrow maker, turns into Herr Haseloff, choreographer of scarecrow ballets, then into Goldmouth, a black market wheeler-dealer. Finally, he is Brauxel, owner of a defunct potash mine where he is creating a scarecrow satiricon of human destiny.

It is Brauxel who causes this "anniversary volume" to be assembled. But Walter Matern, descendant of a man who sold scaling ladders to the enemy armies besieging Danzig 150 years before, states the author's theme: "O ye dog years, biting each other's tails!" Matern, together with eight other masked storm troopers, knocks out all young Amsel's teeth. Matern is the poisoner of the dog Harras, sire of Prinz who becomes the Führer's dog. And Prinz defects to the Allied side "following the pre-established Visigothic migration route," only to be reunited with Matern, to travel with him on his ludicrous de-Nazification tour of Germany, to end up doing guard duty at the bottom of Amsel-Brauxel's mine. So it goes in this Teutonic morality tale of two boys and their dog.

A far less effective book than Grass's *The Tin Drum*, *Dog Years* is crammed with symbolism, arcane knowledge, history and myth. A regular Here-Comes-Everybody-and-Everything floating down the Vistula, it is all too much. Rarely does Grass bring us close enough to his characters to make us care. Beyond the language barrier is the hodgepodge barrier. If characters do not understand their own actions, fair enough; but if we suspect that the author has not understood his own characters, right or wrong, such a suspicion is enough to deliver us out of his hands.

Surely Grass possesses a big, brothy talent. Scattered over the novel are such brilliant set pieces, as the one in which the girl, Tulla, in her grief for her drowned brother, takes up residence in Harras's kennel. There is the occasional small epiphany—"Very early and very late all staircases creak"—and such concise strokes as calling young Nazis "Führer-vaccinated and hoarse with triumph." But good moments are too few. Elsewhere, much is detailed, little is made cogent or exciting enough to revive any but the most determined reader; and even he, inundated with enumerations and polemical mulch, must fight boredom.

Here, then, is one man's Germany, with its mystery described but not made comprehensible, a vision no more complete than might be obtained from viewing Brecht's *Arturo Ui*, reading the neo-Nazi *National-Zeitung*, and attending cocktail parties with Hamburg's economic miracle set. Like Amsel, Grass fails to build the ultimate warning scarecrow, "the Great Cuckoo Bird . . . apocalypse and ornament in one, to burn, spark, and blaze." *Dog Years* remains a mine bursting with unrefined, unsmelted ore.

By Elizabeth Hardwick

Ship of Fools,

"sneaks in a ray of hope"

Katherine Anne Porter's novel, *Ship of Fools*, has, among other qualities, a notable coldness. The characters who meet on a ship sailing from Veracruz to Bremerhaven in the early 1930's are a thoroughly bad lot, and since they come from all nations and stations they often seem to impel us toward sad conclusions about the very possibilities of life itself.

As we might have expected, perhaps, the bleak hauteur of the author of the novel does not fit the moralizing nature of Abby Mann, who did the screenplay for Stanley Kramer's production of *Ship of Fools*. Mann sneaks in a ray of hope here and there. Where Miss Porter's imagination gave us an unattractive, self-pitying hunchback, Abby Mann has cast the rôle with the irresistible Michael Dunn and endowed him with a special grace and wisdom. Dunn is someone we, the masses in the dark of the theatre, are invited to recognize as a soul as warm and civilized as ourselves; in that way we escape the discomfort of wondering if we may perhaps be one of the others, in short, a fool. The film begins and ends with Dunn's smile which serves as a reassuring frame to a disagreeable centre.

Still, fidelity to the novel is not the question that occurs to us in *Ship of Fools*. The question is: do we really want to see movies made from every popular or important novel simply because the novel is important or popular? Can anyone eagerly anticipate a bunch of hopeful starlets acting out the story of those maidens of thirty lost years ago in *The Group*? Will poor Herzog slip into our personal archives forever clothed in the flesh of some adorable actor? When the title of a famous book flashes upon the screen, we feel the uneasy self-congratulation of all those who have laboured to bring forth a mighty screen classic in the name of some impressive original. We wonder about the propriety of the union.

At least, in the film of *Ship of Fools*, the episodic, "grand hotel" design is itself a source of pleasure. Here now is Simone Signoret, really quite fat, smoking a cigarette and wetting her lips. She gives a curiously remote performance, as though the director had left out some clue in her story. But as her lover, the ship's doctor, Oskar Werner creates a character of unusual interest. a man humane without vanity. His death by heart disease is at once biological and metaphysical; it is as if his sensibilities as well as his heart had made him unfit for the new Germany. And there is Vivien Leigh, both piquant and somehow menacing as an American divorcée with a cold heart and ample alimony. One could ask for little in her performance except more of it. And Lee Marvin, an actor who specializes in certain coarse effects, but who is cast according to his talents and therefore has several successful scenes, especially a drunken monologue about baseball.

Each scene in *Ship of Fools* is interesting enough. What one misses most is a sense of history, that devastation of the thirties and forties toward which the ship of fools and its cargo are steaming. There is more history in Vivien Leigh's little 1920's face, with its pointed chin, curved, pouty mouth, and cynical eyes, than in all of Abby Mann's philosophy.



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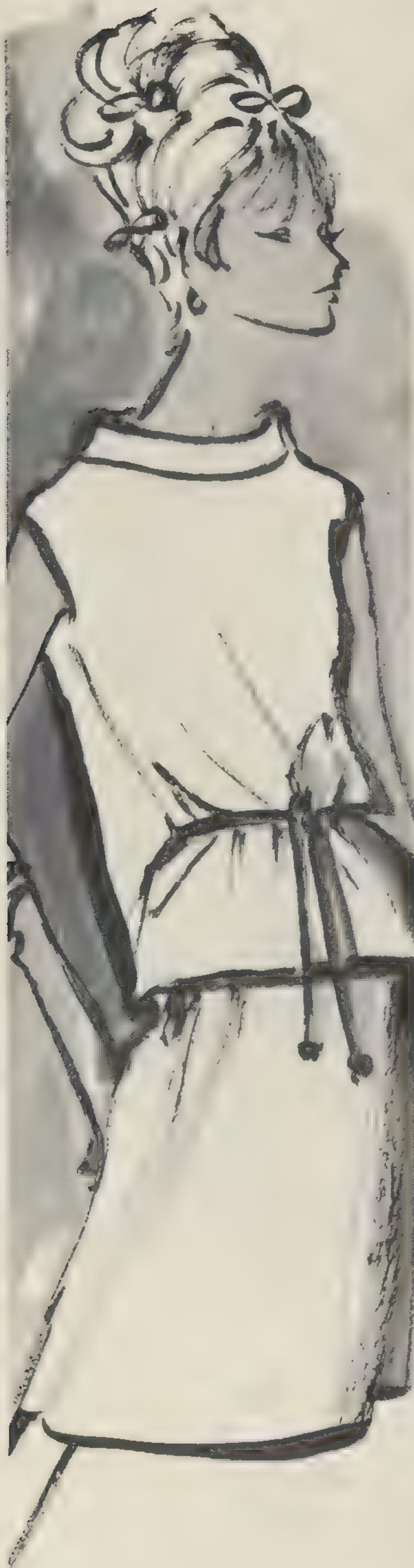


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tiny apron panel in front . . . all taped in white satin ribbon. By
Warner's, in tricot of Du Pont nylon. \$4. Altman's. Golo boots.



The day you become your own pilot – flying your own Beechcraft Bonanza – *that's* the day the world starts operating on *your* schedule! No more timetables, tickets or bag tags. Your personal Bonanza is ready when *you* are, to take you *direct* to wherever you want to go. There's room for five and luggage, too. In your own wide uncrowded sky, a trip that takes others four hours by car is only a pleasant hour's flight for *you*. And even when you're *not* traveling, you'll find yourself flying your Bonanza just for the pure fun of it! Why not get your *own* Beechcraft wings...and find out for yourself!

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Do you want to be a Vogue Editor

Enroll Now In
Vogue's 25th Prix de Paris
(a career competition for college seniors)

OPEN TO THE CLASS OF '66

FIRST PRIZE: A year on VOGUE magazine as a Junior Editor, plus a trip to Paris with VOGUE Editors covering the Paris Collections.

SECOND PRIZE: Six months on VOGUE as a Junior Editor.

HONOURABLE MENTIONS: For ten runners-up, \$50 U.S. Savings Bonds and top consideration for jobs on VOGUE, as well as other Condé Nast magazines such as Glamour, Mademoiselle, House & Garden, The Bride's Magazine.

TO COMPETE: You complete two quizzes based on editorial material in VOGUE. First Quiz appears on the opposite page, along with competition rules. Second Quiz will be printed in the November 15, 1965 Issue of VOGUE. If you pass both quizzes, you qualify for a final 1,500-word thesis.

TO ENROLL: Fill out blank below (or a copy thereof), and mail it to Prix de Paris Director, VOGUE, 420 Lexington Avenue, New York, New York, 10017.

DEADLINE FOR ENROLLING: October 22, 1965.

Name _____ College _____ What Degree _____

College Address _____ city _____ state _____ zip code _____ Month and Year of Graduation _____

Home Address _____ street _____ city _____ state _____ zip code _____

FIRST QUIZ PRIX DE PARIS

Answer TWO of the three questions in this section:

1. Name specific fashion trends which began with girls your age, in or out of college. In general, do you believe that girls of sixteen to twenty start or follow fashion trends? Explain.

(400 words or less)

2. Imagine that you are a fashion copywriter for the editorial pages of Vogue. Suggest several alternate words or phrases for each of the following: "Bargains in Chic," "The Young Chicerino," "Accessories," "Shop Hound," and "Fashions in Living."

3. Select five advertisements from this issue and tell why, in your opinion, each of the advertisers chose to appear in Vogue.

(300 words or less)

Answer BOTH questions in this section:

1. Write a beauty biography of yourself or someone you know well. Include full details about looks, diet, exercise (and this may mean tennis or swimming rather than more formal exercise routines), makeup, hair, fragrance, et cetera, naming—if you think it relevant—specific products.

(500 words or less)

2. Decide on a person whom you consider a good possibility for a photograph in Vogue's "People Are Talking About . . ." feature. Write accompanying text for the photograph.

(300 words or less)

Answers to this quiz are due November 1, 1965 and should be mailed to:

Prix de Paris Director

VOGUE, 420 Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y. 10017

PRIX DE PARIS RULES

1. Each entrant must be graduated during the scholastic year 1965-1966 and must receive the B.A. degree or its equivalent from a college or university within the United States.

2. Each entrant must send in the entrance blank on the opposite page, or reasonable facsimile thereof, by October 22, 1965.

3. No entrant may be in any way connected with The Condé Nast Publications Inc., nor related to any of its employees.

4. There will be a first- and second-place winner. The first-place winner will receive a year's job with Vogue as a Junior Editor and will accompany the Vogue Editors to Paris to cover one of the Paris Collections during this year. The second-place winner will receive a six months' job with Vogue as a Junior Editor. There will be ten Honourable Mention winners, each of whom will receive a \$50 United States Savings Bond and top consideration for jobs on any Condé Nast magazine.

5. The 25th Prix de Paris competition consists of two quizzes to be answered by all contestants, and a 1,500-word thesis which those who pass the two quizzes will be eligible to submit. Each entrant who is eligible to submit a thesis will be notified by Vogue by January 24, 1966.

6. Each quiz will require answers to four questions, some based on fashion and beauty, others based on non-fashion subjects (books, movies, art, theatre, music, personalities, et cetera).

7. The First Quiz appears above; answers are due November 1, 1965. The Second Quiz will be published in the November 15, 1965 issue; answers are due January 10, 1966. Subjects for the thesis will be published in the February 1, 1966 issue; thesis will be due March 1, 1966. Although the questions in the quizzes are editorial in nature and are based in part on material appearing in Vogue, it is not necessary to subscribe to the magazine to enter the competition.

8. Papers will be graded on writing ability, grasp of subject matter, general intelligence, originality, and demonstration of special talents.

9. All material submitted must be typewritten double-spaced on one side of the page, on paper not larger than 8½ by 11 inches. Your name and college, plus the quiz and question numbers, must appear at the top of each page. All material submitted becomes the property of The Condé Nast Publications Inc. and will not be returned.

10. The judges of the competition will be a board of Vogue Editors, and their decision will be final. Any dispute that may arise as a result of the determination of the contest shall be adjudicated solely under the laws of the State of New York. Judges reserve the right to hold personal interviews with the finalists before selecting the winners. Winners of Vogue's 25th Prix de Paris will be notified by May 12, 1966.

The smallest dress

*Black knit skimps,
day and evening*



Strike up the bands, right: black wool knit like an elongated skimp sweater; narrow sleeves, tiny high armholes, a breath of fresh white braid banding neck and wrists. Cabot. About \$50. At Altman's; Himelhoch's.



Asymmetric black for evening, left: little jersey knit with one shoulder bared; from the other, a back panel falling straight to the hem. By Bess Art, of imported viscose and nylon. About \$75. At Leather & Tweed. Viola Weinberger gloves, this page: Altman's. Golo boots. Coiffures: Ronald of Bergdorf Goodman.

JEAN-PHILIPPE SADRON

Can woman live by detergents alone?

No. Absolutely no. Absolutely, positively, unequivocally no. No, no, never. What would be the point of ruffled nighties if she could? Or candlelight with leftovers? Or Yardley soap?

Probably you already know the clean-cut joy of bathing with Yardley. How it soothes and scents without depriving your skin of its precious natural oils.

But do you know you can put Yardley to all kinds of other simple disarming uses—long before it goes near the water? Well, you can. Why don't you just put up your feet and let us tell you all about them.

1. Tuck a cake of Yardley soap among your linens and lingerie. A fresh nightie scented with Yardley is an even better reason for climbing into bed than "Casablanca" on the late show.
2. You carry handkerchiefs? Good for you! Put a cake of Yardley in among them, too.
3. Put Yardley in among your little girl's rompers. (A girl can never start too soon with that sort of thing.)
4. Company's coming? Put a cake in the bathroom where it can't be missed. Yardley doesn't cost much; it just looks like it does. Everybody will think you married well.
5. You've finally unwrapped your Yardley? Don't overlook the wrapper. Tuck a little piece of it into your shoe. Put another piece into the pocket of a coat. Make everything smell nice.

6. You can't stand not using your Yardley soap? Then goodness, climb into a nice hot tub before you take cold. And take your Yardley with you.

7. Loll.

8. Wiggle your toes.

9. Grin.

10. Submerge.

11. Wash behind your ears.

12. Hum.

13. Suds all over with those incredibly rich fragrant suds. Yardley will last and last because it's "English-milled" (that means the air's all squeezed out). And the fragrance will last, too, all day, because Yardley puts pure flower oils into its soap.

14. When your soap finally gets too skinny to get a good grip on it, go out to the store for more Yardley, and think of this on the way: I can buy Yardley dusting powder, I can buy Yardley bath oil, I can buy Yardley perfume, cologne, after-bath lotion, talcum, bath salts, and bubble bath. Scented with April Violets, Red Roses, Crushed Carnation, English Lavender and lots of other marvelous things. Three cakes to the box, from \$1.25. Gosh, it's nice to be a girl!



Yardley of London^{Inc.}

Yardley products for America are created in England and finished in the U.S.A. from the original English formulae, combining imported and domestic ingredients.
Yardley of London, Inc., 620 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y.

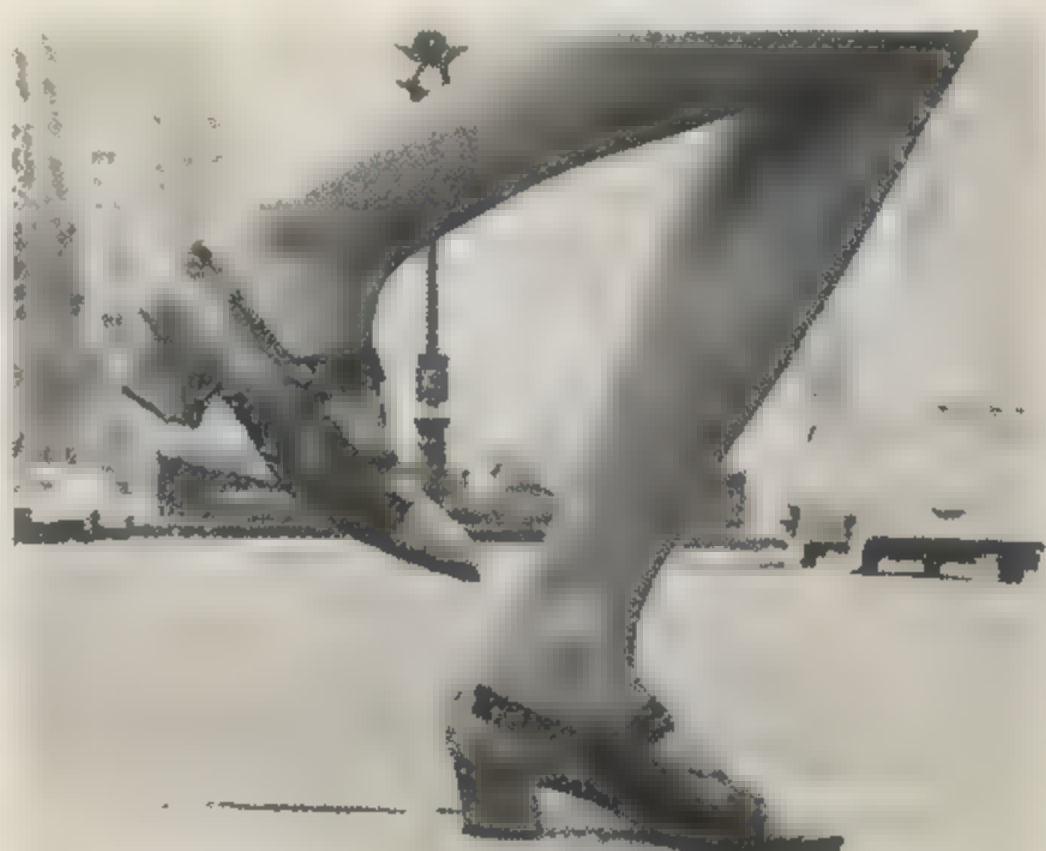
VOGUE'S OWN BOUTIQUE

OF SUGGESTIONS, FINDS, AND OBSERVATIONS

VOGUE NEW YORK . . . THE MAN'S PANTS now being bought by women: wide-wale corduroy, cut like hip-slung jeans. Excellent fit for lithe and lean. Can be ordered by length of leg. Go Casual, \$7. 132A 7th Avenue South. . . **HUGE SWOOPING STRIPES** of black on white; navy on saffron; hot pink on green; orange and royal rivering around on white—the boldest bang-out prints yet, from Printex, the fabric division of Marimekko of Finland. All prints on cotton duck, 56 inches wide, \$6.75 a yard. More of the Marimekko-Printex titanic approach to print—bed sheets and pillowcases splashed solid with fuchsia flowers on black cotton. Single-bed size: set, \$49. All at Design Research Inc., 53 E. 57th St. . . **BIG AND BAGGY**, like a clown costume—a sleeveless, sacky-legged jumpsuit of black crêpe, floppy flounces at the ankles. \$48. Designed by Arthur McGee for Anne So Forth Boutique, 208 E. 50th St.



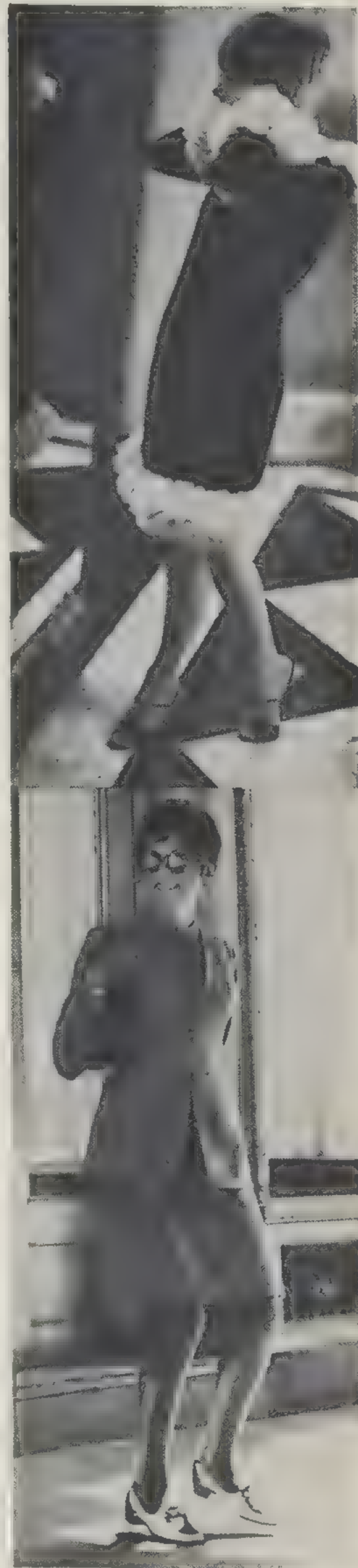
TREAT YOUR CLOCK TO A CARDIOGRAM. Cartier attaches an ailing wristwatch to its Watch Master cardiograph. Thirty seconds and several loud ticktocks later, the graph pinpoints the trouble. . . **THE BUTTON OF THE YEAR** looks like a mothball. It fastens jackets, shirts, skirts, smocks, sweaters, collars, cuffs, bathing suits, boots. . . Made of natural horn, pinewood, dyeable plastic, silk cord, gold filigree. Approximately \$9.50 a dozen. Semler's Button Boutique, 514 Madison Avenue. . . **EVERYONE IN ITALY** talking about shoes with chunky toes, chopping-block heels. Black velvet with silk cockade on toe, the thick heel sliced in like a spool. \$15. Black leather, tied over the instep with jaunty silk ribbon bow. \$17. Both sling backed; imported by Gimbels' Shoe Boutique. . . **"CLUMPERS"** (below) designed in Milan by Ken Scott. Made here by David Evans. Black and ochre lizard. Lord & Taylor.



JACK ROBINSON

JEAN MUIR, ENGLISH DESIGNER, wearing one of her adorable handkerchief-limp chiffon dresses. Black, with Pierrot collar, cuffs, hem of écru. About \$185. . . **MORE MUIR.** Her town tailor. Sleeveless milk-bottle-shaped jacket, skirt, of heathery-toned Harris tweed. Worn with matching taupey-blue pullover, knitted stockings arched up with arrows. The costume, \$125. Both at Henri Bendel. . . **REVERBERATIONS OF THE "VIVA MARÍA" LOOK** resounding on 57th Street. The fad for covered up, ankle-length cotton print

dresses erupting in St. Tropez, interpreted here in grassy-green coin dots on lacquered cotton, the shoulders sheltered by the real olé—a matching flounced stole. \$77. Kind of Marvelous Boutique, 220 East 57th Street. . . **A STREAK OF BLACK TAXICAB CHECKS** racing down one side of a socko green wool-knit shift otherwise plain as paint. Knee-length. Long-sleeved. \$16.99, 2nd floor Ohrbach's. . . **THE BUY OF A LIFETIME** from a ransom of exquisite caftans. Glorious, supple gold brocades; heavenly shaded French silk, satins, cut velvets—all edged, embroidered with silver, gold, silken, gleaming threads. Belt of "embroidered" silver, inlaid with aquamarine stones. Caftan and belt remarkably reasonable. \$325. Collected in Morocco by Madame Tazi for Mme. Hélène Arpels' Aliata Boutique. 655 Madison Ave. . .



CAFTAN COLLECTING AT A PRICE. Black stripes streaking down rough-hewn natural wool—a rug of a caftan, big, roomy hooded. \$13. Moroccan Pavilion, World's Fair. . . **HIDE THE DIAMONDS IN A PAINTING** might be more secure than the wall safe. Artist Zita Querido incorporates precious gems into her collage-paintings. Swears that no one but *you* can spot them in the finished product. For wearing, just lift the bijoux out, leaving fascinating holes. Miss Querido works on commission. 3515 Henry Hudson Parkway. Or through the Bodley Gallery, 787 Madison Ave. . . **BOOTBLACK EXTRAORDINAIRE** is at the St. Regis Hotel. Joe Loscalzo is a "bone-er," rubs good English shoes with a 25-year-old lamb's bone. Takes care of Courrèges boots with "a lot of scrubbing," soap and water, and Esquire polish. His 25-year list of clients is impressive. Charges fifty cents per polish. Note: Ladies leave shoes with the doorman. Joe's workshop is located in the "Gentlemen's." . .

HERE COMES ANTONIA, right, Belgian born, internationally famous model, now designing clothes with the charm, the innocence of a talented amateur. The fabrics acquired in Morocco, Tunisia, Libya, Lebanon. The ideas arrived at anywhere in the world. The clothes made in Paris, sold in New York. This one: a swinging sack of crunchy French lace. With two additional parts; the neck muffler, the head kerchief. All three pieces, at Henri Bendel. . . **BEACH SCENE** glimpsed on the Eastern seaboard—a ravishing French visitor wearing American Army surplus khaki shirt tucked tautly into a black bikini. Wrapped around the joining, a whip of clanging gold chains. . .



VOGUE PARIS . . . FUR FOR THE BEACH, new sandals designed by Roger Vivier of black mink, panther, lamb. . .





THE GENIUS OF

Gino Paoli

ITALIAN COUTURE KNITTER

THE ELEGANT PROPORTION OF THE ALMOST-COAT BESTOWS A SPECIAL CHIC TO A THREE-PIECE COSTUME. THE COMPLETED LOOK VIA TRACERY OF STITCHED TRIM. COUTURE KNIT IN BROWN/WHITE, CHARCOAL GRAY/WHITE, BURGUNDY/WHITE. AT EXCLUSIVE SHOPS EVERYWHERE... 1407 BROADWAY, NEW YORK • ROMA • MILANO • TORONTO • LOS ANGELES



AUGUST 1, 1965

VOGUE



Tiny ribbed sweater, tiny ribbed skirt—that's what they're wearing in the larky new British movie *The Knack* (one slice of the fun photographed above) . . . that's what they're wearing all over. In New York, in Boston, in Council Bluffs . . . in Paris, Marseilles . . . in Sydney and Melbourne . . . in Rome and Milan and London and Liverpool—wherever young Chicerinos are, this look is. It has a Knack—the way the skimpy little sweaters cling to those lean rib cages, the way the skirts swing on those slender hips and show those neat, narrow knees—that's their kind of fashion. And like a proper cause—like a shiny new super-throb—they've picked it up and made it their own. For now. Never mind tomorrow: today—this living breathing second—this is the young hurrah. Good enough to be in pictures.

VOGUE'S EYE VIEW: WHOSE LOOK?

THE YOUNG CHICERINO

Narcissus in a hip skirt: looks into herself, likes what she sees—cool, young, awed by nothing—the world's natural heiress, ready right now to claim her inheritance. . . . And dreamy, very dreamy. In her dreams, action begins . . . just here, on the lens of her imagination, an image is being fleshed . . . animated. A personality is in the making, sustained by pride and discipline. Nourished by everything in life. Delivered with style. . . . Style is her badge, the badge of her generation—a touchstone in the new young camaraderie. . . . She loves her age—revels, wallows, exults in every moment of it. Don't tell her that youth is a rehearsal for life; she knows better. She's living now . . . happening all the time. She's it. Youth is her opportunity; she takes it all. . . . Wears stone and earth colours, because next to her shining skin the effect is of wildflowers blooming in sun-pierced forests. Wears the shortest skirts, because her knees are as small and glowy as peaches. Seals herself in leotards, because her body is strong and pliant and wonderfully pretty to see in motion—darting, springing, swinging, curling and uncurling like a happy young cat. Wears what she wants to wear. No explanations. . . . She's something special. She knows it. We know it—hence the clothes in this issue of Vogue. Her issue.

GEOMETRIC SWEATER... DIRNDL SKIRT

Strong hazy grey cashmere, right, and an immaculate blaze of white—straight narrow pull, matching grey dirndl. Very wow . . . now. Lotte of Dalton; about \$95. Marvella bracelets. All: Bonwit Teller. Turnout: Hudson's; Gus Mayer; Neusteters; I. Magnin. Jacquet Sun Shower lipstick. Coiffure: Marc Sinclaire of Marcel. U.S. fashion ideas for the young Chicerino also at shops on page 52.





SKIMP SWEATER...
DIRNDL SKIRT...
THE DASH OF
THREE POMPONS



In powdered tones of millet and greige: action—skirts bounce, pompons flip, sweaters stick close to the ribs. Millet distilled with pink and yellow, left, for a tiny ribbed skimp of sweater and a bouncing tweed dirndl. . . . The same bloomy tones throughout—tweed tam, woolly knee socks, all the pompons. Geist & Geist wool sweater, about \$13. Heathered greige, right, misting everything in sight—cashmere skimp with a rectangle neck, tweed dirndl, tam, socks. Braemar sweater, \$35. Skirts (by Sloat, each about \$30), sweaters, Colony belt: Peck & Peck. This page, also: Roos-Atkins. Crescendoe Superb gloves. Bonnie Doon socks. Wool tweeds and yarns, by Gabbe. Adolfo tams. Coty Moonlight Frost lipstick. Both coiffures by Marc Sinclaire of Marcel.





Tattersall with suède, below, a small coat, of surf-white suède; lining, collar, and smallest dress inside, of yellow and red Tattersall-checked wool. Both by Samuel Robert; at Saks Fifth Avenue; Halle Bros.; Neiman-Marcus. Stockings: Schiaparelli. Supp-hose. Golo boots. Brown suède pants, near right, with the braces and cut of clown pants—low, narrow, straight-across, buttoned at the front. Under the braces, a small-sleeved Tattersall T-shirt of brown-turquoise-ivory wool. Both by Samuel Robert; pants, about \$145; top, about \$55. At Bonwit Teller; I. Magnin. Vantage Products wristwatch. Shoes by Fiorellas. Brown and Tattersall, suit-idea, far right. A strict little brown wool dress with a deep shield-shaped yoke of brown and ivory Tattersall checks; the jacket, same brown wool with a Tattersall collar. By Cuddlecoat; about \$90 at Saks Fifth Avenue; Dayton's; Livingston's. Golo boots. Both pages: gloves by Kislav; coiffures by Marc Sinclair of Marcel.

TATTERSALL...
SUÈDE...
THE CHARM
OF BROWN





Barbra Streisand-plus



THE SMALLEST DRESS— GEOMETRIC KNIT...TAPE TO THE TOES

Barbra Streisand—star plus. Plus two knock-em-dead seasons in *Funny Girl*. Plus her own once-a-year TV special. Plus runaway album number five. Plus a one-woman concert at Forest Hills in August (seating capacity 15,000; most seats spoken for as we go to press). Plus offers heaped like hors d'oeuvres on a tray—*Funny Girl* in London . . . in the movies . . . a concert tour of Europe . . . a whirl as a fashion critic on radio. Plus a new haircut that could start scissors whacking all over—nowadays when Streisand stirs, Everything Moves. Here, *Funny Girl* plus small knits—great team. Geometric knit, legs to match, above: Here's what's with the undershirt shirt. As of this season it's a knitted dress—the smallest . . . the greatest. Here, with a pulled-down waist . . . stockings along for the joy-ride. White plus black plus bright-green laid on like boxers' tapes. By Rudi Gernreich for Harmon Knitwear, of double-knitted wool; dress about \$40, stockings about \$18. All: Lord & Taylor; Dayton's; J. W. Robinson. Grandoe gloves. Barber-shop cut: Frederick Glaser.



SMALL PLUS
KNIT PLUS
GEOMETRY...
THE SMASH
SKIMP DRESS



Barbra Streisand—star plus, dress plus: little black knits planed by clean, sharp shouts of colour . . . cut straight down the body . . . skimmed everywhere. . . . With very short sleeves, very short hems: white gloves and boots—very short. Emerald green, left and right opposite, like a baby-yoke, on a straightaway skimp of black wool knit. By Kimberly. About \$60. At Bonwit Teller; Julius Garfinckel; Hudson's; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. Purple plane, twice above, blazed on black wool knit. By Kimberly. About \$55. Crescendoe-Superb gloves. Both: Saks Fifth Avenue. Dress: Hutzler's; Rich's; Frost Bros. Solar stockings. Golo boots.



GEOMETRICS

BLACK AND WHITE VINYL...OUTLINES OF YELLOW

Vinyl the great, left: A wet-slick flash of black and white angles in a long top pulled over *pattes d'éléphant* hip pants with bell bottoms. By Ulla, of Cohn-Hall-Marx vinyl. Top, about \$23; pants, about \$23; at Bonwit Teller; Julius Garfinckel; Joseph Magnin. Beaded bracelets by Charles Elkaim. Hair by Ronald of Bergdorf Goodman. Geometry on leather, opposite: White with tapes and tic-tac-toes of chrome yellow—two different tops; one pair of straight-rule pants. By Guenter for Leathermode. Tops, about \$70 each; pants, about \$60; at Saks Fifth Avenue; Hutzler's; Frost Bros. Kislav gloves. Boots by Golo. Hair by Kenneth. U.S. fashion ideas for the young Chicerino, also at the shops listed on page 52.





GEOMETRICS— CLEAR VINYL, BLACK TAPES...BLACK VINYL, SIDE CLOSING

Transparent coat, left: Strict little vinyl shape measured in shiny black tapes. What shows through; everything—a black jumpsuit here, and all the brilliants it can carry. Coat by Cuddlecoat, of Cohn-Hall-Marx vinyl; about \$50 at Bloomingdale's; Julius Garfinckel; Hudson's; Bramson. Necklaces and rings: Joseph Warner; Mimi di N; Schreiner. Poncho coat, side-buttoned, right: Black vinyl with buttons that work at one side and shoulder, stand idle down the centre.... For rain, shine, night, day — Anything Goes. By Couture Specialties, of Cohn-Hall-Marx vinyl; about \$55. Aris gloves. Both at Bergdorf Goodman. Coat: Rich's; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. Marvella earrings. Charles Elkaim necklaces, bracelets. Boots by Golo. Coiffures: Kenneth.



GEOMETRICS— BLACK-AND-WHITE TOPS BLACK VINYL PANTS

Brushed white top, shiny black, left; *Pattes d'éléphant* pants of black vinyl—hip-high, snug, widened at the ankles (shown three times here); a pull of Acrilan, mohair, Dynel (Glenoit fabric). Top by Loomtogs; about \$25 at Altman's; Wanamaker's, Phila.; Halle Bros.; Hovland-Swanson. Jet-bead jewellery by Charles Elkaim. Analon gloves by Hansen; Bloomingdale's. Calfskin over bareness and vinyl, right; A straight little top of black calfskin streaked in white, cropped to show a bare strip of midriff over the low-belted pants. Top by and at Georges Kaplan, of dyed calfskin. Huge necklace by Schreiner. The Beatle boots are by Herbert Levine. Both, at Bonwit Teller. White vinyl top, tapes of black, far right: Shiny white ruled in black, with a high funnel collar. Pull by Cuddlecoat, of Cohn-Hall-Marx vinyl; about \$70 at Miss Bergdorf of Bergdorf Goodman; Dayton's. Glitter and jet bracelets by Charles Elkaim. Both pages: pants by Ulla; coiffures by Kenneth.







THE SMALLEST
KNITS



THE GLITTERED SKIMP DRESS

Land of winter tales...of wild white anemones in silver-birch forests...of the prettiest girls in the world—Sweden, idyllic setting for the knits on these eight pages. Asymmetric glitter for evening, far left, quicksilvers the body from one bared shoulder...skimped everywhere, short and sweet. About \$50. The dress at Miss Bergdorf of Bergdorf Goodman; Harzfeld's; Montaldo's; Sanger-Harris. Smallest gold rush, near left—smallest armholes, smallest sleeves, short/short hem. Adorable with little white leather boots, tight white kidskin gloves. About \$50. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Rich's; Gidding-Jenny; Sakowitz. Both dresses by Sylvia de Gay for Robert Sloan, knitted of rayon and Metlon metallic threads. On these eight pages: Golo boots; Van Raalte gloves. U.S. fashion ideas for the young Chicero also at shops listed on page 52.



SMALLEST KNITS—BABY DRESSES, CROCHET TOUCHES

Dresses like baby-sweaters—pale knits, flow as air, tiny sleeves, high armholes . . . innocence plus pow. Baby-sweater dress, above: small straight shape of ivory chenille, crochet-looping at every edge. By Tannel, of knitted textured Tycora yarn of Creslan and wool. About \$45. At Lord & Taylor; Hudson's. Lacy white cashmere, below, deliciously soft, scalloped around the neck and sleeves. Dress by Lotte of Dalton. About \$75. At Bonwit Teller; Neusteters. Baby coatdress, near right: taupe knit, open as lace . . . buttons half-way down, crochet touches around the neck, on the wrist. By Ricano, of Zefkrome. About \$35. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Neiman-Marcus. Skimp-sweater dress, far right: marvellous airy crochet-knit of mustard wool, chopped a good four inches short of the knee. By Cisa. \$120. Bergdorf Goodman; L. S. Ayres; Dayton's; Neusteters.

HORST









SMALLEST KNITS— THE YOKED JERSEY SMOCK

Fresh on the chicerino scene (this one Sweden)—the smock dress in knitted jersey. Small, short, high-yoked, delicious proportioning with little white leather boots. Clean-white jersey, far left: baby-round collar, tucked yoke, shirt-cuffed sleeves . . . terrific on any Chicerino scene this year. By Ladybug. Of wool jersey with tricot backing bonded by Coin (Wyner fabric). Junior sizes; about \$25. Bonwit Teller; Rich's; L. S. Ayres; I. Magnin. Crisscrossed smocking, above, on the high yoke and cuffs of the smallest smock in ivory wool jersey. By Craig Casuals. Of Heller fabric with tricot backing bonded by Coin. Junior sizes; about \$30. Bonwit Teller.

Ice blue, wrist bows, near left: small-bodied smock, cuffs folded back, bow-tied. Wyner wool jersey. About \$80. Jax. Pale-blue smicket, lower left: diminutive smock with tiny sleeves, tiny armholes. By Ellen Brooke, for Sportswear Couture. Of Jasco wool jersey. \$90. At Lord & Taylor.

Smocked smock, below: off-white wool, knitted in chevrons, smocked in blue across the yoke and tiny puffed sleeves. By Sportwhirl. About \$35. Saks Fifth Avenue.







SMALLEST KNITS— THE UNDERSHIRT DRESS

Six o'clock on: tiny undershirt dresses—marvellous with next-to-nothing underneath. Polished black skimp, far left, cut very low in the armhole like a workman's undershirt. By Goldworm, of knitted acetate. About \$40. At Jax; The Blum Store, Phila. And the bands played on, near left: little black undershirt-dress banded in white. By Sylvia de Gay for Robert Sloan. Of knitted textured Celanese acetate (fabric by Alamac). About \$40. Bonwit Teller; Burdine's. Empire camisole, above: black wool knit, rimmed in ruffles and black satin ribbon. By Eloise Curtis for David Styne. Junior sizes. About \$60. At Saks Fifth Avenue. Crocheted undershirt, below: navy-blue wool, the empire bodice threaded, tied and strapped with navy-blue grosgrain ribbon. By Pecker. About \$50. Bloomingdale's.

HORST



GIACOMETTI

Alberto looked at me with surprise, as if he had never really seen me before. Then he said, "You have the head of a brute."

"Do you really think so?" I asked, smiling.

"And how!" he exclaimed. "You look like a real thug. If I could paint you as I see you and a policeman saw the picture, he'd arrest you immediately."

I laughed.

"Don't laugh," said Alberto. "I'm not supposed to make my models laugh."

He had not yet started to paint. I was seated about four feet from him, facing him directly. The canvas stood on an easel between us at a forty-five degree angle. Alberto held his palette and brushes loosely in his left hand. When he began to paint, it was with a slender, supple brush of sable hair, held at arm's length. He looked at me constantly while he worked, never painting more than four or five strokes without glancing from the canvas to me and back again.

This was to be merely a sketch, we had agreed, something to be worked on for a single afternoon, then left.

"I wish I had someone to paint the clothes and backgrounds," he said, "like Rubens. I hate having to cover the whole canvas. Besides, it's impossible ever really to finish anything."

After an hour and a half, he had sketched the entire figure and background and completely painted the head. I suggested that we stop, but Alberto said: "We can't stop now. I thought I'd stop when it was going well. But now it's going very badly. This is a beginning, at least."

"A beginning? But I thought you were going to work on it only once."

"It's too late for that now. It's gone too far and at the same time not far enough."

We went to the nearby café. Alberto said, "If only I could accomplish something in drawing or painting or sculpture, it wouldn't be so bad. If I could just do a head, one head, just once, then maybe I'd have a chance of doing the rest, a landscape, a still life. But it's impossible."

"It's impossible to paint a portrait. Ingres could do it. He could finish a portrait. It was a substitute for a photograph and had to be done by hand because there was no other way of doing it then. But now that has no meaning."

"There have been portraits since Ingres," I objected. "Cézanne painted some pretty good ones."

"But he never finished them," Alberto said. "After Volard had posed a hundred times, the most Cézanne could say was that the shirtfront wasn't bad. And he was right. It's the best part of the picture. Cézanne never really finished any-

thing. He went as far as he could, then abandoned the job. That's the terrible thing: the more one works on a picture, the more impossible it becomes to finish it."

When he began to paint the following Monday, Alberto said: "It's impossible. I don't know how to do anything. I'll tell you what: I'm going to work on this picture for another day or two, then if it doesn't turn out to be any good, I'll give up painting forever."

It was obvious later that he was finding the work difficult. I said, "I'm sorry to make you work so hard."

"Oh, but it's useful to me," said Alberto. "Anyway, this is what I deserve for thirty-five years of dishonesty."

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"Simply that all these years I've exhibited things that weren't finished and never even should have been started. But on the other hand if I hadn't exhibited at all, it would have seemed cowardly, as though I didn't dare to show what I'd done, which was not true. So I was caught between the frying pan and the fire."

He kept on working till it was almost dark. "It's going so badly," he said, "that it's not even going badly enough for there to be some hope." When he stopped, the painting was grey and undefined, the head elongated, vague. Alberto said, "We have to go further. We'll work tomorrow, won't we?"

"Sure," I said.

The next afternoon he said, "I've noticed that not only do you look like a brute in full face, but your profile is a little degenerate." He laughed and added, "Full face you go to jail, and in profile to the asylum."

We both laughed. But not for long. Alberto's prevailing mood was one of gloom and despair. He gasped, swore, moaned, and sometimes for minutes on end sat hunched over, his head and hands hanging toward the floor, in an attitude of utter dejection.

"Is it worth going on?" he asked, studying what he'd done.

"Of course," I said.

"Is it out of charity you say that?" he asked. "If so, it's a lousy trick. A real friend would have told me I ought to give up painting forever."

It was the afternoon of the fifth sitting. Alberto said, "A head is simply impossible to paint. A hand would be much easier."

"Why?" I asked.

"A hand is merely a spatula with five cylinders attached to it."

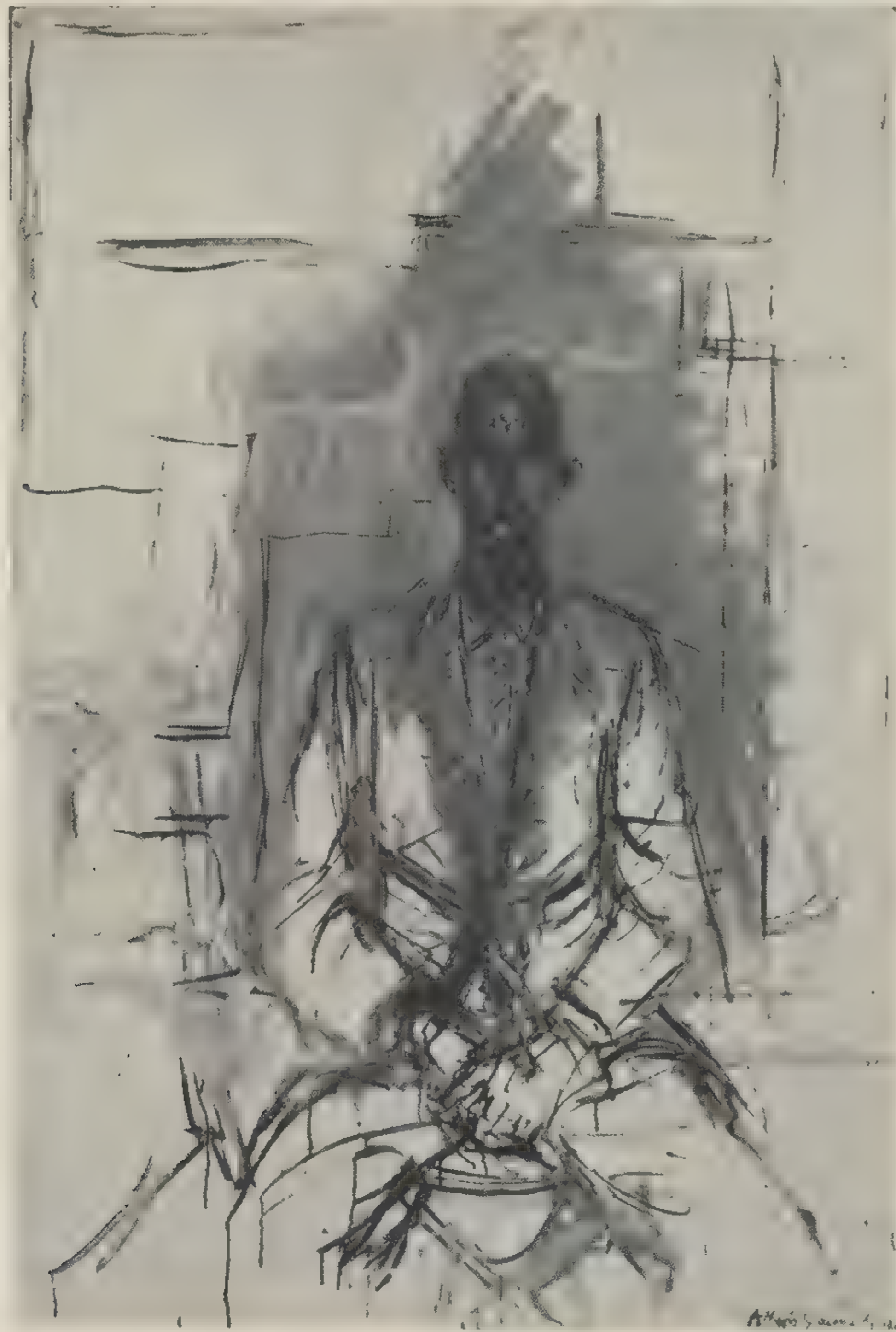
"That depends on how you do it," I said.

"Of course. Rodin did fantastic hands."

SAID, "I'M GIVING UP PAINTING FOR GOOD":

THE DESPERATE
HISTORY OF
A PORTRAIT.

BY JAMES LORD



This brooding figure, above, painted largely in greys, resulted from the sittings described here by James Lord, an American writer who, in fact, runs largely to browns: brown hair, brown eyes. For a dozen or more years a friend of Giacometti, the agonizing sculptor and painter, Mr. Lord is a working friend of art. This portrait (46" x 32"), finished last year in Paris, is in the retrospective exhibition, Alberto Giacometti, now at New York's Museum of Modern Art.

Later he said, "Do you mind doing this?"

"Not at all," I replied. "In fact, I like it."

"So do I. When I was young, I used to pose often for my father and I liked it very much. Besides, you're free to stop whenever you want to."

"So are you."

"Yes. Both of us are free. But it would be better if I knew how to do something."

The constant expression of self-doubt was neither an affection nor an appeal for reassurance but simply the spontaneous outpouring of his feelings of uncertainty about the ultimate quality of his achievement. In order to believe that there might be some chance actually of creating what he ideally visualized, it was necessary for him to feel that his entire career started over again every day.

When I arrived the next day, Alberto was out. He returned after a time, went directly into his studio and began to go through his portfolios, yanking out drawings and throwing them onto the floor.

"What in the world are you doing?" I finally asked.

"I'm going to junk this stuff," he said.

"No!" I protested.

"Yes!" he exclaimed. "You'll see."

Snatching the pile from the floor, he went out into the passageway to a trash can. He threw all the drawings to the ground, took a first handful and began to tear them to pieces. I caught his arm and tried to stop him. "Wait a minute," I argued. "At least, let's look them over first."

"No, no," he cried, tearing up another handful.

Obviously there was nothing I could do. So I snatched a couple of drawings from the top of the pile and went back to the studio.

"I have to start all over again from zero," said Alberto when he had sat down and started to work. "Anyway, it's impossible to reproduce what one sees."

"But is even a photograph a reproduction of what one sees?" I asked.

"No. And if a photo isn't, a painting is even less so. What's best is simply to look at people. Besides, it's impossible to achieve a likeness."

"The dog," I said, referring to his well-known sculpture of 1957, "is a likeness."

"The muzzle, yes, but not the back legs at all. The back legs are utterly false."

"How did you happen to make the dog?"

"For a long time I'd had in my mind the memory of a Chinese dog I'd seen somewhere. And then one day I was walking along the rue de Vanves in the rain, close to the walls of the buildings, with my head down, feeling a little sad, perhaps. I felt like a dog just then. So I made that sculpture. But it's not really a likeness at all. People themselves are the only real likenesses. I never get tired of looking at them. When I go to the Louvre, if I look at the people instead of at the paintings or sculptures, then I can't look at the works of art at all and I have to leave."

Alberto enjoys talking while he works. Perhaps it distracts him from the constant anxiety of his dissatisfaction with what he's doing. He said, "It's hard for me to shut up. It's the delirium that comes from the impossibility of really accomplishing anything."

At the end of the afternoon I said, "I've got a present for you." And I handed him the two drawings I had saved from destruction earlier in the day.

He looked at them curiously. After a moment he smiled and said, "You did right. They're not bad."

The following afternoon Alberto suddenly gasped, "Your head's going away! It's going away completely."

"It will come back again," I said.

He shook his own head. "Not necessarily. Maybe the canvas will become completely empty. (Continued on page 147)





RON TRAEGER

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...

YOUTHQUAKERS

BILL COSBY, *left*, asparagus-slim, wry, a ribber in his twenties, who will costar on television in NBC's *I Spy* this season. As tall as a basketballer, but a former footballer at Temple University, Cosby stands, hands wagging, in Ivy League flannels and black tie, soothing a lively pique with a Philadelphia voice. He digs at New York life in general, karate, Noah's Ark, subways "with a nut in every car." His non-manic monologues have amused on television, in night spots, on two records: *I Started Out as a Child* and *Bill Cosby Is a Very Funny Fellow . . . RIGHT! RIGHT.* **SHEILA PRIOR**, a painter at eight, English in knee socks, with hair like poured sauterne. She is the muralist of Mitchell's of St. James's in London, where she is stretched, *above*, beneath her spindly cavorters. Mitchell's, designed by Peter and Juliet Glynn Smith, switches from an orangy lunching place for the staff of *The Economist* to a deep-red night place for everybody. Of her tiddly figures, Sheila Prior said: "It's my idea of what grown-ups do after I'm in bed."

PETER SERKIN, *right*, masterly pianist at eighteen, plunging into his second concert-packed season. Six European countries; five American cities; two festivals—the Prades, and recently the Marlboro, of which his father, Rudolf Serkin, the great pianist, is artistic director. His grandfather: the great violinist Adolf Busch. "I don't believe in giving menu-type programs," said Serkin, a long coil of serious youth with beautifully controlled fingers and a loose forelock that almost brushes the keyboard. Critics admire his "profundity, exciting shapes, crackling rhythms . . ." his "personal sense of what Mozart is like." Serkin dreams of conducting a Mozart opera, likes Fellini movies, loathes sports. In his barny New York apartment—stereo, records (he has recorded for Columbia and RCA Victor), a Steinway, books—hangs an upside-down newsclip of the Beatles' legs, marked GO HOME AND PRACTISE.





HOLLIS FRAMPTON



HASTON



ENZO SELLERIO

LARRY POONS, above left, formidable painter, twenty-seven, one of six American artists chosen for the São Paulo Bienal. Except for motorcycling at dawn and singing "Blue Grass" to his guitar, Poons paints. A success since his first one-man show at New York's Green Gallery in 1963, he does about six paintings—programmed dazzles of dots—a year in his four-storey house, bare but for a legless bed, a Gramophone blaring Bob Dylan or Bach, a Chamberlain car-bash sculpture, and spotlights: "So I can work all day, work all night."

SANDRA HOCHMAN, above right, winner of the 1963 Yale Series of Younger Poets Award, whose exuberant looks blend a palomino mane of blond hair with grass-green eyes. Boggling schedule: an adaptation for the stage, *An Album of Günter Grass*, based on his writings and graphic art. Novel-in-work: *The Wunderkid*. Poet-in-Residence at Fordham University. A new book of poems, *The Vaudeville Marriage*, following two already published. "I try to be mad and absurd and humorous in my poetry. It's very tragic in fact, my poetry." Sandra Hochman designed the exhibition box, here showing an elephant (I'm in my Oriental period), for James Baldwin's *Nobody Knows My Name* which he signed: "To Sandra . . . go the distance." At twenty-eight, Sandra's going.

R. INSLEE CLARK, JUNIOR, left, at twenty-nine, youngest Dean of Admissions and Student Appointments ever at Yale. His decision: to choose from sixty-one hundred applicants a freshman class of one thousand forty. For him fourteen admissions officers move through the fifty states seeing students. "There is no formula—it is the individual we seek." Tall, ruddy, a Yale man with a pair of M.A. degrees in American history, Mr. Clark lives at Trumbull College, but appears here at Morse, designed by Eero Saarinen. "We want a more up-to-date image." Part of the new Yale image is Clark.

ENZO SELLERIO



MICHAEL COOPER

ZUBIN MEHTA, above, meteoric Indian maestro, who at twenty-eight holds two permanent conductorships with the orchestras of Montreal and of Los Angeles. This season he will conduct *Aida* at New York's Met. Hot-eyed, lithe, with racy, rhythmic podium presence, Mehta, who was "brainwashed with music from the cradle" (his father led the Bombay Symphony Orchestra), has launched himself on a decade of "fulfillment."

LIZA MINNELLI, left, nineteen, the star of *Flora, the Red Menace*, who brings to her first Broadway musical a sad-happy sound that raises hackles of joy and that raised for her a Tony award. Split somewhere between Zazie and Gigi (with some genes of Garland) she lifts *Flora* from frumpy folklore sometimes into flight. "I run on tension," said Liza Minnelli, who studied dancing, caught acting and singing by osmosis. Now with records, television, an apartment of her own, she is zooming.

PHILIPPE RACINE AND HAROLD MASSIE, right, French and American respectively, both twenty-four, who in off-hours from graduate work in bio-medical engineering at Philadelphia's Drexel Institute of Technology developed a self-energizing cardiac pacemaker, working with an electrode expert, Luther Reynolds. Miniaturized and implanted in the body, it should maintain normal heartbeat without wires, batteries, or replacements. Of their prototype, which looks like kinetic sculpture, Racine and Massie said: "We think it's beautiful. We love to play with it."

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...

YOUTHQUAKERS



ADELAIDE DE MENIL



DELAIDE DE MENIL

HOLLIS FRAMPTON

JEREMY STEIG, above left, flutist, jazz Pan, at twenty-one forming a new quartet. "I'm opening up a whole new thing. I can play three notes at once," said Steig, making his old Louis Lot instrument cry, groan, project. "It just comes and I let go. I usually write music about girl friends. One girl's last name is London, so I wrote 'London Broiling.'" Neck-deep in tub water, Jeremy Steig usually composes in the bathroom, awash with his murals of pipers, monkeys, and bugs peering from a wild green, blue, and yellow Chagallian jungle. He designed the cover and cartoons for the sleeve of his Columbia album, *Flute Fever*. "We're all artists in the family," said Jeremy Steig, whose mother is a painter, whose father is the famous Small Fry Steig man.

FRANK STELLA, above right, a painter who at twenty-nine has had eight one-man shows, thirty group shows, is one of six Americans chosen to exhibit at São Paulo's Bienal in September. Restless and inquiring, Stella guards the Trappist privacy of his New York studio. There he paints his precise Stripe Paintings, often in metallic colours, parallel to and framed in complex shapes: decagon, pentagon, trapezoid. His mechanical bite, lean and persistent invention led one critic to name Stella "among the handful of major artists working today."

JOAN RIVERS, left, twenty-odd, blond, with a pumpkin smile, pointed joints, and a voice like puréed pumice, who thinks of herself as a "funny Jean Shrimpton," but comes through on TV: clean, biting fizz. "I walk around with myself; I'm the first method comedian," said Joan Rivers, a talker-taper. She feeds the recorder, types the tape, spins out dialogue for Ed Sullivan's *Topo the Mouse*, for a new Peter Sellers movie, for herself. Her new recording for Warner Bros.: *Joan Rivers Presents "Mr. Phyllis" and Other Stories*. "I'm a piece of Pop Art," said Joan Rivers, who longs to be in a movie as "the funny friend giving advice to Tuesday Weld."

EDITH SEDGWICK, right, twenty-two, white-haired with anthracite-black eyes, and legs to swoon over, who stars in Andy Warhol's underground movies. "It's like watching Henry Moore sculpture out of focus," said Edith Sedgwick, who toyed with the movie name Mazda Isphahan for *Poor Little Rich Girl*. With the Pop artist Andy Warhol on camera, undergrounds roll out like crêpes: *Vinyl* is in the can; *Vacuum* about to turn "when we find a pure white kitchen." *Rich Girl* was made in Miss Sedgwick's apartment where she is shown here arabesquing on her leather rhino to a record of The Kinks. (In the background, her sketch of a stallion.) In Paris Warhol's gang startled the dancers at Chez Castel by appearing with fifteen rabbits and Edie Sedgwick in black leotard and a white mink coat. In her deep, campy voice, strained through smoke and Boston, she said: "It's all I have to wear."

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...

YOUTHQUAKERS



DELAIDE DE MENIL






DISCERINO ACTION



Gay, amusing—Arthurian: the beat of this season's Cuffed culottes for kicks, in the kicksy action above—less top of off-white. By Bill Smith for Roban Sport, Bendel. Extra earring in the hand: a big square by Happy little black, all fluff, opposite—a charmingly fluffy air-blown action of maribou. By Mademoiselle Marché fabric); about \$50 at Bonwit Teller; Jacobson's,

young evening looks, off and dancing on these and the following two pages. black and very full with wide cuffs above the knees, attached to a narrow sleeve of wool crêpe; about \$90. Rhinestone-jet earrings by Castlecliff. Both at Henri Charles Elkaim. The toe-ring jewelled sandals (on the floor) are by Bernardo. skimpy dress with a high ribbon-tied waist, high hem. Edging everything: the Arlette for the Arkins, in crêpe of Celanese acetate and rayon (Chardon-Michigan; Frost Bros.; Joseph Magnin. Ankle-tied shoes by Evins, at I. Miller.



Small shift shining in bright white satin — straight, strapless, above the knees, with a little tied sash, jutting pockets, glittering buttons. By Oleg Cassini, of American Bemberg rayon and silk (Syntex fabric); about \$100 at Saks Fifth Avenue. Black and rhinestone earrings by Jack Gilbert. I. Miller sandals.

Asymmetric sari, gilded. The one-shoulder dress in long white crêpe; slanting bands of gold-and-white plaid ribbon. Also sari-length: the braided and jeweled hairpiece. Dress by Wilson Folmar, of Celanese acetate and rayon (Onondaga fabric); about \$125. Earrings by Robert Originals. Both at Miss Bergdorf of Bergdorf Goodman. Dress: Woodward & Lothrop. Stockings by Solar. Andrew Geller shoes. Hairpiece: Reid Meredith.



The snake and the ostrich. Smasher on any beat—a zipped jacket, hip-belted skirt, of white snakeskin. Gleaming, fascinating, with collar and cuffs of ostrich shaded white-to-brown. By Gayle Kirkpatrick for Atelier, of Fleming-Joffe snakeskin. Earrings by K.J.L. All at Henri Bendel. Costume, at Sakowitz. Shoes to order at Saks Fifth Avenue. Coiffures, these four pages, by Sebou of the House of Revlon.

DISCERINO ACTION—EVERYTHING GLEAMS



SMALLEST DRESS.
ZIGZAG KNIT...
SIGNAL COAT,
GEOMETRIC VINYL



Julie Christie

Julie Christie: an accomplished young actress who can look like any character she plays, but whose natural look is simply that of the English young, now... straight, lithe, leggy, mad for clothes like the ones she wears on these pages. Small navy-blue shift, big white zigzags, left: white lightning on navy-blue wool knit. By Janine Proco. At T. Jones. Vinyl slicker, short, striped, above: vivid yellow and navy-blue signal stripes on a three-quarter length coat of shiny vinyl, cut straight and small; front and pockets whizzed shut with giant zippers. Yellow vinyl pants. By V. de V.




PRINTED CASHMERE LEOTARD... SMALL DAZZLED KNIT

Julie Christie, new English movie meteor...her rise unchecked since she appeared for exactly eleven minutes on the screen in *Billy Liar*, with Tom Courtenay—a bit of a meteor himself. She has sea-blue eyes, gorse-yellow hair, a body like a small strong pony. He is thin, dark, with a frail, slightly scruffy look: devastating....Both have youth, talent, drive, sound British dramatic training, and plummy parts—as Lara and Antipov—in the new movie of *Dr. Zhivago*, filmed in Spain. Printed cashmere—head to toe, left: for a 1965 dryad, hooded, long-sleeved pull, footed leotard; the hood can flip down around the neck, as here. Pure cashmere knit, printed in beige, purple, two shades of pink. By Leonard. About \$80. Ready September at Bergdorf Goodman; Jordan Marsh, Boston. Skimp dress, knitted, glittered, right: for small evenings, the smallest dress—an easy little shift of blue-on-blue petal printed acetate knit, glittering with golden Lurex threads. By Tricosa for Feder Fashions; about \$110. At Bergdorf Goodman.







Françoise Hardy: records, movies, TV...
“une idole des jeunes” all over Europe,
in England...Made her American TV
début last spring, on a show she describes
as “Hulla Ballo”....First U.S. appear-
ance: Vogue, August 1963....Wears, here,
clothes she adores, designed by another
intense young French talent, Emmanuelle
Khanh—also an “idole des jeunes”
with an instant, international message.
Windbreaker suit, brown leather, left:
double-breasted jacket like a pilot’s;
gored skirt with the look of pleats.
Swashbuckled coat, turned out with pants,
right: great Khanh coat-lines in pumpkin
wool, low stitched belt in front, martin-
gale in back. Wool pants in red, brown,
and pumpkin. Both turnouts: by Emman-
uelle Khanh for Cacharel. Delivery end
of September; at Macy’s Little Shop.

THE NONCHALANT TAILORING OF EMMANUELLE KHANH



Francoise Hardy



LEGS IN LEATHER... PLAID... PATTES D'ÉLÉPHANT PANTS

Françoise Dorléac: kitten-face coquetry illuminated by wit and floods of chestnut-blond hair—this era's look in young French movie throbs. Current movies: *Passport to Oblivion* and *Genghis Khan*—both *en anglais*. In the works right now: *Cul-de-sac*. Pants turnout in ivory leather, top: Yoked postman's smock—legs tucked into brown suede boots. Viola Sylbert for Highlander; about \$120. Gimbels; Woodward & Lothrop; Godchaux's. Feathered hood by Lilly Daché. Plaid legs, left: Camel grey, white turned out with matching cashmere pull...split of mini-skirt in grey wool flannel. Everything by Tiktiner. Early September at Bergdorf Goodman. Knit turnout in Dijon-yellow wool, right: Postman's smock, yoked... *pattes d'éléphant* pants, flared By Geist & Geist. Top about \$35, pants about \$26. Bergdorf Goodman; Halle Bros.; Sakowitz; I. Magnin. All boots: Golo.



Françoise Dorléac



Body like a bow, winter-daisy eyes: the shiny new Chaplin, Geraldine. Twenty-one and zooming—small rôle with Belmondo in *A Lovely Summer Morning*; big rôle in M.G.M.'s *Dr. Zhivago*; title rôle in *Anne Boleyn's Thousand Days*—no stalls on this star-express. Wears, here, two nifty new knits from Paris. Zigzag skimp, left: long, covered, close as socks on the body. Knitted of brown and yellow wool. By Dorothée Bis for Timwear. At Holt Renfrew of Canada. Ribbed petal, right, rippled around on a ribbed stem of tangerine wool—prettiest sweater-collar imaginable. By Timwear. Ready August 15 at Bloomingdale's; Joseph Horne; Frost Bros.

PARIS KNITS—ZIGZAG SKIMP... RIBBED PETAL COLLAR

*Geraldine Chaplin—
new star*







Catherine Spaak

Catherine Spaak—heart-shaped face, brown eyes, torrents of taffy hair...Belgian parentage...at twenty, a teen-age idol in Europe. She sings, plays the guitar, makes records; has acted in fourteen movies, mostly playing switched-on adolescents...Her current movie in Italy is *The Liar*; in this country, she'll be seen next in *The Little Nuns*. Knitted, beaded, bright, left: mad red-and-pink wool knit pull beaded with red droplets; pink sash. Red wool openwork knit tights. By Micia. Saks Fifth Avenue; Neiman-Marcus. Op knit, with sequins, right: deeply V'd top of black-and-white wool in a trompe-l'oeil knit, thickly sprinkled with black plastic sequins as big as poker chips. Black wool tights, knitted in huge loops. By Micia at Saks Fifth Avenue; Neiman-Marcus. Earrings by Nucci of Rome. Both pages: Coiffures by Claudio of Rome. Shoes: Silvia of Fiorentina.

FANTASY KNITS FROM ITALY:
SPANGLED, SEQUINNED



Claudia Cardinale

AT HOME—SERAGLIO PYJAMAS... PATTES D'ÉLÉPHANT PANTS

Cardinale—right up there with Loren in Italian moviegoers' hearts, and a hot ticket at U.S. box offices, too.... Just finished making *Blindfold*, with Rock Hudson; now in Spain for *The Centurions*, with Anthony Quinn, Alain Delon....

Broad cheekbones, dazzling smile, mane of blond-brown hair.... Born in North Africa, and still adores couscous.

Blaze of Turquerie—peacock-blue Paisley, left: Billowing seraglio pyjamas, caught just under the knee.... simply wrapped and sashed around the body—easier to jump into than Ali Baba's jar. By Hollywood Vas-sarete, in Arnel surah; about \$25. At Altman's; Carson Pirie Scott; Joseph Horne; Dayton's.

Knit turnout—open as air, right: Long, lacy, fan-strokes of black—widening sleeves on the stretched-out pull...widening legs on *pattes d'éléphant* pants. By Damon, of knitted Durene cotton; about \$120. To order at Bonwit Teller.

Earrings by Charles Elkaim. Coiffures on both pages: Ruel of Coiffures Americana.





BEAUTY WITH ALL THE ANSWERS

Do you know, for absolute sure, whether it's necessary to cleanse your skin in the morning if you've been careful to cleanse it well of makeup the night before? Have you better than a clue as to what amount of moisturizer you should put on before makeup? before sun? before bed? Whether you should powder your mouth pre lipstick (all the models do), and blot afterwards? How often you ought to check a mirror to see whether you've broken through your powder? The fact is, the amount of conflicting authoritative beauty information that abounds these days is fairly terrifying. As is—in a Gemini-4-oriented world—the notion that a jar of pure coconut oil from the Assyrian quarter, or a vesselful of almond paste from the same address, could possibly contain more power-packed beauty savvy than the cream to which something like 122 chemists, biochemists, dermatologists, pharmaceutical geniuses, and lab technicians have contributed their knowledge (not to mention the background gleaned by six librarians working steadily in a dozen languages to make scientific extracts of any relevant new theories in any published language on earth). In an effort to clarify certain points and to reduce the nonsense to a somewhat slower boil, we called on the resources of an extraordinary beauty proving-ground—the new Revlon Research Center. To this dazzlingly-equipped place we took a list of some of the most-asked beauty questions—and agreed to accept as *fact* only those answers that were *visible*—actually provable before our eyes. The principal instrument of our delight turned out to be a powerful magnifying device—and its revelations are recounted on the next page. . . .

HELP: IN 32 CERTIFIED COLOURS

Does your lipstick change its colour? Is your mouth naturally on the pink, white, or beige side—and since it's *one* of these, will your lipstick look as it looks in the stick? To make lipstick perform accurately as well as delectably is a science—a science that's the business of just one of the twenty-one laboratories within the fascinating new beauty university called The Revlon Research Center. From that lab we borrowed the gleaming jars shown here, each of which holds something of your future: some one of the 32 U. S. Government-approved colours which, with the help of endless invention and effort, give each Revlon lipstick its hold on brilliance—and on fashion.

BEAUTY WITH ALL THE ANSWERS

"THAT'S FINE—BUT CAN YOU PROVE IT?" ... VOGUE VISITS A NEW BEAUTY PROVING-GROUND WITH A LIST OF SOME OF THE MOST-ASKED BEAUTY QUESTIONS

Questions asked of: some extraordinary equipment (a 50 x magnifying device—probably the strongest surface-magnifier around), and some unshakable documentation (skin biopsies; clinical studies), and some wonderfully able scientists at Revlon's new Research Center (about whom and which, read more on page 36 of this issue) . . .

Should a mouth be powdered before lipstick and blotted after? No. Lipstick is designed to fit specifically the skin of the mouth—"a transitional skin unlike the skin of the body." When an intervening layer of powder or foundation is applied, lipstick cakes. This is provable. Seen under strong magnification, a prepowdered, then lipsticked mouth looks like a Shetland sweater that's begun to pill. . . . About blotting: seen in the same merciless light, there's no question about what blotting does to lipstick. It removes gloss (which is dumb, because gloss is one of modern lipstick's greatest contributions to alive beauty). Blotting also wipes the smile off the colour by visibly removing the good "top tone," which happens to be half of what you bought when you chose that shade of lipstick in the first place. . . . Why do some lipsticks change colour on some women?

"Every woman brings something of her own to a lipstick." Her mouth tone may be darker than the lipstick shade she uses—hence a darker result. She may be unusually acid or alkaline, habitually or temporarily. Lemon juice, vinegar, and even the gentlest of wines clearly change a colour a little on contact. "A woman who finds her lipstick turning blue as a regular thing would be better off with pinker shades," advise the laboratory gentlemen.

How much moisturizer ought be worn under makeup, before bed, before sun? A little, a medium amount, a great deal—respectively. But: of moisturizers designed for each of the situations named. (This is where the reading of labels will get you somewhere.) Under-makeup moisturizers are purposely less oily than the others. Seen under the unblinking gaze of the Revlon laboratory's giant eye, a nighttime (or intentionally oily) moisturizer used the wrong way (that is, under makeup) can cause "wildness," or a streaking, blotching, and darkening of makeup pigment. . . . Re amount of moisturizer: the skin is structured to hold a certain quantity of moisture; it can not exceed its own capacity any more than a four-ounce glass can hold more than four ounces of water.

Indiscriminate slathering-on of under-makeup moisturizer is sheer waste. Blot off the excess in this case. Skin swimming with protective lubricants as well as moisturizer is not a bad idea at the beach, however.

Should skin that's cleansed well of makeup at night be cleansed in the morning? Yes. Skin is busy shedding dead cells all the time, but the shedding accelerates at night. This is observable in even a 10 x magnification; in a 50 x magnification, the skin is covered with rubbish.

Morning cleanser can be light. If it's a creamy or oily cleanser, it must be followed by a rinse or tonic designed to remove that specific cleanser. It *blubbers* otherwise.

Can skin be over-cleansed? Yes. Skin stripped of its protective mantle by coarse cleansers can be seen, in magnification, actually to *sit up*. Chapping or chafing are the more usual names for this exercise, and this is where the moisturizers come in.

The manner and speed with which they dispose of the angry state of affairs is—well—charming.

What's the average rate at which faces need repowdering? Powder in any form is sculpture.

With it, you make the skin surface uniform. Any time you touch your face, you disrupt the surface; oiliness, of course, disrupts upwards. There's really no such thing as average performance.

How long should a night cream be left on? The Revlon facilities won't answer for everyone. But they will answer, with alacrity, for their celebrated Eterna—which, we suspect, is the darling of the house, a cream of a very modern, light formulization, with a provably effective ingredient called Pregnenolone Acetate. ("What an offputting name for such a remarkable ingredient," confided one of the gentlemen. "It wasn't our name, it was Ciba's.") In any case, Pregnenolone comes from one of the world's most exciting quarters: the revolutionary field of steroid chemistry. Pregnenolone is not a hormone—its chemical organization is different; its action is different. A local actor, it affects only the site of application (where, to get back to the original question, it likes to spend a lot of time).

What it does, visibly—and there isn't any doubt about it—is: restore a degree of youth to the skin to which it's applied. Biopsies show this dramatically (atrophied cells, whose withering is a sign of age, pick up shape and life again). Tonometers show this—a tonometer, as the name suggests, measures tone; and the skin treated to a course of Eterna is measurably more elastic. The 50 x magnifier shows this in a surface way—many lines go in a matter of forty days at the outside. And the track record shows it in a handsome series of clinical studies made by some handsome medical institutions. . . . Take that to your Assyrian coconut-oil dealer (who does however, have a very good pilaf—and really never claimed to be a serious cosmetician).

PROVED BY MAGNIFICATION: Magnified three times: the face at right. Magnified fifty times: skins improved beauty methods inspected by the searing eye that helped to answer the questions above.





PANTS
PROPORTION THE



CAVALRY JACKET...

Trim cavalry jackets—welted, slightly shaped, vented twice in back—perfect little tailor's coats chopped just to the top of the leg, in correct proportion to pants like cigarettes, uniformly straight and narrow all the way down. Mushroom turnout, far left: pants and cavalry jacket in mushroom-coloured wool with clean white revers—a great way to look for city or country or dashing in between. Turnout by Cuddlecoat. About \$100. Altman's; Hudson's; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. Ivory twill turnout, near left: cavalry jacket with a proper little collar, flap pockets, double back vents flipped over cigarette pants. By Cuddlecoat, of Sheraton-TSM wool. About \$160. At Bonwit Teller; Dayton's; I. Magnin. Both pages: boots by Golo at Henri Bendel; gloves by American Astral. The coiffures by Sebou of the House of Revlon. U.S. fashion ideas for the young Chicerino, also at shops listed on page 52.



COAT PROPORTIONS...

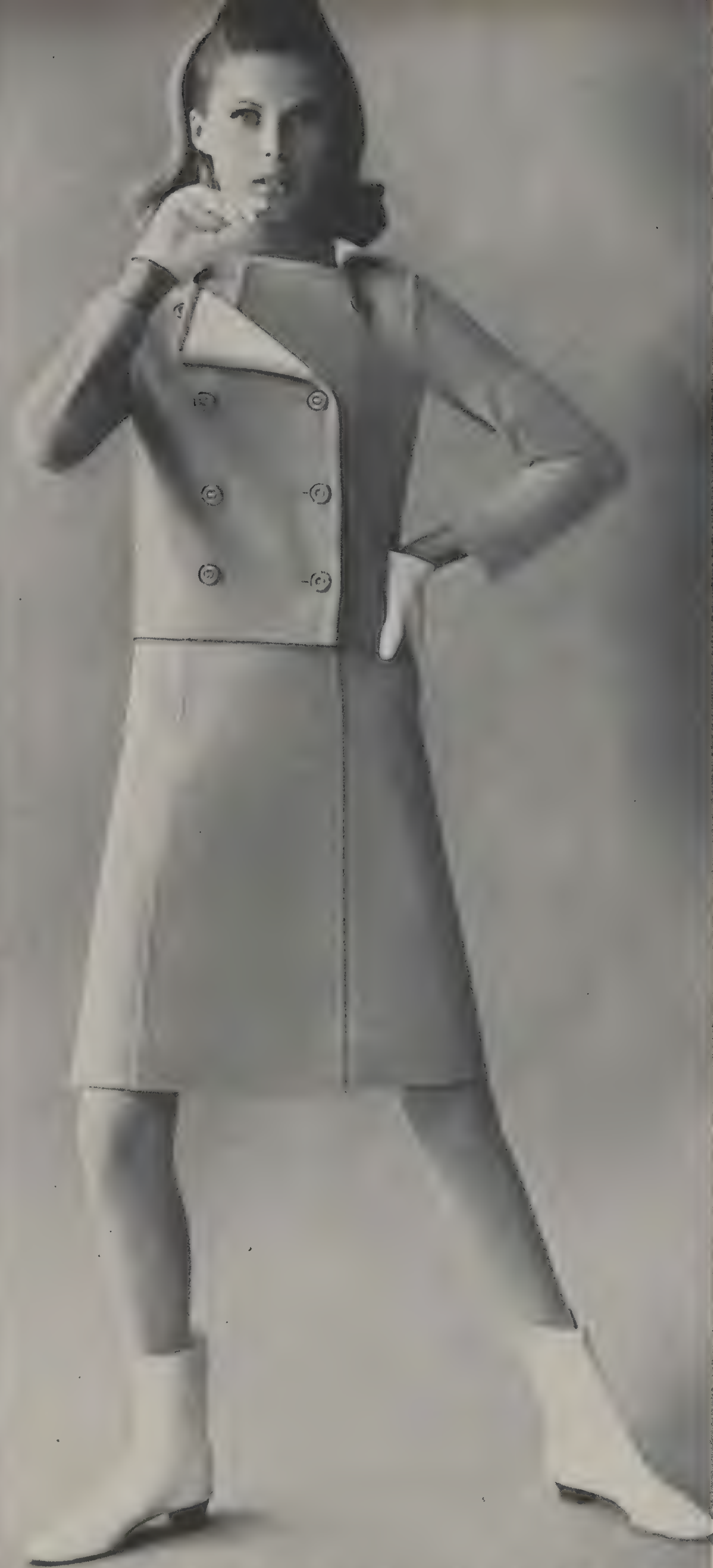


The flying-panel coat, near left: pink-and-grey wool checks—vented panel held in line by a martingale . . . shoulders slightly squared, double-breasted closing. By Samuel Robert. About \$235. Gloves by Fuchs. Both at Bonwit Teller. Coat, also at Rich's; Gus Mayer. Coiffure by Sebou of the House of Revlon. Raglan skimp, high-buttoned, centre top: taupe wool Melton cloth cropped to show a matching skirt. Modelia. \$80. Skirt, \$15. Both: Miss Bergdorf of Bergdorf Goodman. Sally Gee dickey. American Astral gloves. Button-down side vents, second from top, on a rainy day skimp of beige poplin (Dacron, cotton). David Crystal (Zepel repeller). About \$45. Best & Co.; I. Magnin. Vented vinyl, centre below: Anything-goes coat in shiny beige with deep front vents, stand-up collar. By La Flaque de Paris (Cohn-Hall-Marx vinyl). About \$60. Hansen Analon gloves. All: Bloomingdale's. Peanut coatdress, double-breasted, far left: peanut-colour wool knit, peanut-small. By Kimberly. About \$70. Crescendoe-Superb gloves. Both: Saks Fifth Avenue. Dress, also Dayton's; Battelstein's. Both pages: Golo boots; Ariadne stockings. Coiffures opposite page: Alfredo of Via Veneto.

SMALL AND STRAIGHT



SUIT PROPORTIONS



The belted jacket, far left: double-breasted, doubled flap pockets, quick-vented just over the inverted pleats of a short easy skirt—in ginger-and-greige wool checks with a ginger wool turtleneck. By Buddy Bates. About \$95. At Bonwit Teller; Montaldo's. Hansen Analon gloves: Bloomingdale's. Under-jacket suit, centre: heathery beige wool tweed with button-down revers of the same pebble-beige wool that makes the unsleeved weskit—a perfect little jacket on its own. By Handmacher. About \$85. At Altman's; Jelleff's; Harzfeld's. Gloves by Aris. Shoes by Pappagallo. Short-jacket suit, near left: creamy beige wool knit with ivory turned out on the collar. Double-breasted, belted in back; welted skirt, short and swingy. By Kimberly. About \$80. Aris gloves. Both at Bergdorf Goodman. Suit, also at Himel-hoch's; L. S. Ayres; I. Magnin. Golo boots. Coiffures both pages, and the hair-piece near left, by Alfredo of Via Veneto.

... SHADES OF BEIGE

BEAUTY

BULLETIN

WHAT THE YOUNG BEAUTIES ARE UP TO. . . HAIR WAYS, FACE THINGS, FRAGRANCES COMING ON STRONG, GOING OVER BIG . . .

Starting at the top of the crown and proceeding right down to the toes, what's moving the young beauties goes as follows. . . The advanced ponytail gathers one thick sheaf of hair just before the peak of the crown, where it's bundled up neatly by a rubber band. A ribbon or strand of own hair rewraps the elastic; the hair is then pulled out so that it doesn't dangle, but frames. . . The spot permanent—*the spot*, the top of the head. . . Shampoo-in hair colour, lasting variety. Shampoo-in hair colour that can be either wiped out or renewed by the next shampoo. . . Shampoo-in temporary permanent that gives bounce to the hair from three to five weeks, or straightens extra-curly. Newsiest example is Curlast, available only in Saks Fifth Avenue salons, effective only on very short hair, but very effective on that, particularly if tinted or bleached. . . Conditioners that do other jobs, too. For lanky hair that won't hold a set—or for the other kind of hair, the stuff that turns corkscrew in humidity—the new action, and such action, comes from L'Oréal's Suffrage. A conditioner, colour-setter, and setting lotion all in one small individual-dosage bottle, it describes itself as “unlike anything else on the market” and it is not just whistling Dixie. To find out what Suffrage is all about (and one should immediately), you have to apply to your hairdresser, since L'Oréal in this country doles out its marvels to salons exclusively. Combed through the hair directly after a shampoo, “it glues the hairdresser's fingers together,” said one awed test subject. “So just imagine what it's up to in the way of putting muscle into a set,” that subject went on to relate. Muscle? Iron. But invisibly. Makes set hold for days. . . Dial-your-own hair spray to order. Just tune in on the intensity you have in mind. If you

followed the instructions, you would dial 1 for a sturdy hair set lotion; dial 2 for comb-out; dial 3 for touchups. Obviously each dial tone lets loose a different degree of spray, from gauzy mist to spring shower, and your own hair will soon give you your particular code. Maradel is the producer and “Set 3” and Set ‘N’ Spray are the words on the label. . . Eyebrows, paled, bleached. . . Noses, deshined. New mover in this direction, Matisan, a textured cream from Lancôme. Skin-toned, created with only the nose as its target, although it applies equally well to chin and (Continued next page)

APPLE THERAPY: FAST AND SWEET

They found this out at Michigan State University. An apple a day, before retiring, helps keep insomnia away. Apple is tranquillizer; fends off upper-respiratory infection; eases tension-type disturbances; cleans after-dinner teeth. Could the pectin in apple be responsible for all of these charming qualities? See Beauty Checkout. (Still-life here the work of Abraham Woodside.)



THE VOICE OF THE TURTLE—IT SAYS THIS: NO-COLOUR POWDER

The colour good skin looks best in is, generally, that skin's colour, deshined. The material to pursue this thought with: no-colour powder, loose and translucent. Its dispensary: an extravagant container, example of which see above—a small tortoise shell, diamond-footed, designed to keep the powder dry by David Webb.

STORY-BOOK AUBURN, YOUNG-YOUNG HAIR, PROPERTY OF SAMANTHA EGGAR

The raging hair colour for the young: Sam Red, named (by us) after the fall of natural auburn that tumbles alongside the freckled sparkle of Samantha Egggar (here, and on cover). She-star of *The Collector*, next to be murder-plotting in *Return from the Ashes*, Samantha Egggar, English actress, recently married Tom Stern, American actor. “Call me Sam Stern,” she requested. . . For people who'd plot murder to own Sam Red hair: no need. Miss Clairol hair-colouring bath #47, Red Ginger, could accomplish Sam Red nicely. . . Among the bounties that owners of this kind of hair know—every colour is enchanted with it. It can do no wrong.



BEAUTY *bulletin*



THE LONGEST CUT FOR
THE YOUNG, YOUNG HAIR
Hair at anchor, pinned down under,
short on problems, long on pizazz.

(Continued from page 120) forehead, Matisan endows the luminous spots with a matte finish that busy little oil glands will have to fight all day to break through. . . . Also geared towards anti-shine, micron powder, which springs, with help now from Shulton, from the inner layer of the corn cob. Completely colourless, transparent, Corn Silk is its name, and it claims to be four times more absorbent than any face powder that stood up against it in a test. Absorbency holds the oil in suspension away from the surface of the skin, along with grime and bacteria, and thereby would seem to reduce the chances of blemishes, magnified pores. A highly satisfactory powder for all skins tinted howsoever. . . . A new fingernail life extender, a hardener-and-lengthener that we carried on about in the July issue, has this merit badge: one famously patriarchal testing station has seen fit to award it the first green light they've ever bestowed on this sort of thing. Strong and Long is the name it answers to, the Helena Rubinstein laboratories made it up, and stronger and longer is how it proposes to make fingernails. . . . Young women, fifteen to twenty-four, shave more often than their elders, we are told by a certain statistical study. Twice a week the legs are apt to get it; in the case of legs that belong to energetic brunettes, sometimes every day. For them, Gillette, old shaver-makers they, have packed up some interesting shaver material. A leaf-weight Lady Gillette razor that comes with a long handle in ladylike colours and a season's supply of lady-blades; a pink pre-shave conditioner; a post-shave moisturizer that leaves legs beaming. All resides in a plastic tote bag that invites the intrusion of other paraphernalia—shower cap, toothpaste, and such smallnesses. Very good buy (\$2.98 is how the ticket reads). . . . Lipstick, newer than no-lipstick lipstick: silvered mauve. . . .

Electric hair brushes, lazy-girl replacements for one hundred strokes. Massage-O-Matic plugs in via six-foot cord. Empire Cordless Electric Hair-brush needs, as its name would let us know, no more of a catalyst than lazy girl's hand. Both active workers in the interest of hair enlivenment, the elimination of testy state of scalp. . . . Washcloths for the two faces of woman. The trick is Terri-Down, new switch by Martex; one stirring side for the face that wants to be scrubbed and stimulated; one purring side for the face that wants to be rinsed and tranquillized. *Léger-de-face* of the highest order, in the grand tradition of Martex's famously luxe Luxor towelling. . . . Knees, how to reduce them visually. Keep them paler and bleached. Rub them down with beauty grains. . . . In the mononucleosis age, whacked-up nutrition among the young has the doctors worried, not only for now but for its bearing on later years. The young should learn now, the doctors hold: refresher courses later might be too late. . . . Fragrance being discovered by college girls, suddenly striking them as undowithoutable: something designed for their mothers and grandmothers in 1919—Guerlain's chypre-based Mitsouko. . . . For the eyes, wirework spectacles (see specimen, left). . . . Mouches, speckled, dead-centred under each eye, so close to the lower lash that they almost look like part of the lash; especially commendable with long, silky hair, with the barer forehead, the cleaner face.

THE WIREWORKS SPECTACLE

Tinted or clear, spectacles are showing up played down, small and wiry, conspicuously inconspicuous. Ones here, popularly known as Ben Franklins for guess-what-reason, have the merest golden rims, the slightest weight on the nose; Sustain the maker.



THE SHORTEST CUT FOR THE YOUNG, YOUNG HAIR

The cut of the hair plus the cut of the shirt add up, on the seventeen-year-old girl here, to honed sharpness. Wool shirt has the look Courrèges put on the road, square armholes, stand-up funnel collar; Smartee's the responsible party; about \$13 at Lord & Taylor; I. Magnin. . . . Kenneth did the hair work, Dorothy Gray the lipstick—Jelly Bean Pink Liquecence—and the Vanilla Malt eye shadow. The twinkle in her ear, by Harry Winston: a diamond, its wattage 5 carats.





MICHAEL COOPER

Helen Sugdam Cutting—seventeen, poised for anything—has extraordinary grave dark eyes and thick dark lashes, the kind of olive skin that glows with lovely rosy undertones. Just out of Foxcroft where, she reports, “everything’s changing, but we still do drill”—being a lieutenant, she had a sabre. After a brief whirl in New York (loves the Garrison; the new Waldorf discothèque; loved the Mary Quant smock dress she wore for this picture), she plans to summer abroad, will decide about college later.

Lady Caroline Percy—countenance fair, calm, and indelibly English—came out this year; commented to the press, “For people who don’t like doing anything more exciting than going to parties every day and night the ‘season’ is a perfect opportunity . . . to me it’s less attractive.” Though her mother, the Duchess of Northumberland, is an expert horsewoman, Lady Caroline takes the country “in small doses.” She’s studied art in Florence, in Paris; would like to design cars.

DAVID BAILEY



COURTSHIP:

All the fun of an obstacle race

I rejoice to know that the first book I have ever attempted to write, *Winston Churchill: An Intimate Portrait*, has been published in the United States. For its hero, Winston Churchill, has truly described himself as “a child of both Worlds.” The New World and the Old joined hands in him, and both played their part in his making. The elements thus fused in him made him a natural citizen of both Worlds and the great interpreter between his father’s and his mother’s countries.

I first met Winston Churchill at a dinner party in the summer of 1906, when I was a girl of nineteen and he a man of thirty-two, then holding his first office as an undersecretary in a Liberal Government. I knew at once that I had “seen a great light.” I recognized it as the light of genius. And there and then we forged a lifelong friendship which gave my life a new dimension.

Although, thanks to my father, politics had been the air I breathed since I was born, until a year before we met I had lived a child’s life, immured in a schoolroom on a top floor. Then suddenly, at the age of eighteen, I “came out.” Down went my skirts, up went my hair—and up went the curtain on the world.

It has occurred to me that it might perhaps amuse—as it will certainly amaze—American readers to hear of the strange way in which English girls—even in an enlightened home like mine—were prepared for life in the Edwardian Era.

* * * *

I remember, as a child, asking my governess how I was going to spend my life (a question which might have given pause to many). Her answer came without a moment’s hesitation. “Until you are eighteen you will do lessons.” “And afterwards?” “And afterwards you will do nothing.” I accepted this forecast with resignation and without surprise. But by what mysterious process, I used to wonder, did one pass from one state to the next?—

from doing lessons to doing nothing? I was soon to know.

The deep river, the Rubicon which flowed between, was called “Coming Out,” a process as sudden, as thoroughgoing, as transforming as Adult Baptism by Total Immersion. It was a thing which happened almost instantaneously—overnight. In the twinkling of an eye one became (like Bottom, the weaver, in *A Midsummer Night’s Dream*) magically “translated” from a child into a grown-up person. One day one had a pigtail down one’s back, short skirts which barely cleared the knees. The next day, hair piled high on the top of one’s head (an elaborate and precarious structure, underpinned with innumerable combs and hairpins), and long skirts which swept the ground, with a little tail which dragged in the dust behind. It was odd to look so different outside—and to feel so very much the same inside. But far more extraordinary was the revolution in the attitude of the outside world. For every rule and canon of behaviour which had governed schoolroom life was now reversed.

For instance, one’s “appearance”—so far disregarded, or treated as a misfortune best forgotten—suddenly one’s appearance assumed a new and overwhelming importance. Until I was eighteen, I had been told that it was very wrong to look in the glass. Now I was suddenly told it was very wrong not to. It used to be a sin to be vain, but now it became a sin to be plain, even if one had the misfortune to be it.

Then, “lessons” were of course thrown to the winds; verbs, sums, dates, languages, all that we had learned or failed to learn in the long years of schoolroom life, apparently they mattered not one jot. In fact, I remember being discreetly warned by a well-wisher to conceal any knowledge I had managed to acquire. “It doesn’t matter your knowing French and German, but don’t mention to anybody that you have been trying to learn Greek. Men are afraid of ‘clever girls.’” (Continued on page 151)

By Violet Bonham Carter, The Baroness Asquith of Yarnbury

A demon for politics, Lady Asquith, *opposite*, has been shivering the timbers of British statesmanship for at least sixty of her seventy-eight years. This spring with her first book, *Winston Churchill: An Intimate Portrait*, her impact hit the United States. In this book, studded with exuberant details from her diaries, she more than reports, she partakes history. Daughter of the Liberal leader Herbert H. Asquith, Britain’s Prime Minister from 1908 to 1916, she was created a Life Peer in 1964 and as such entered the House of Lords—at last a Member of the Parliament which for decades has been the playing field of her mind. She has quick eyes, a quicker mind, artesian vitality. At high tea in her comfortable, attractive London flat, among musicians, theatre people, writers, as well as politicians, she talks of politics—American and British—at a computer clip, at times almost in code: the efficient verbal shorthand of those who know. In this flat stands the looming bust of Churchill with which she was photographed here. From several plaster casts by the sculptor Oscar Nemon she chose this as “the most magnificent of all.” Her genius may be to catch the magnificent without overlooking either the ordinary or the jokes. Lady Asquith is, as Sir Winston Churchill once described her, “a gleaming figure, capable of dealing with the gravest questions with passion, eloquence, and mordant wit.”

CECIL BEATON





MATCHING TOPS AND LEGS... SHORT JUMPING HIP SKIRTS

Playing now: the look of being dipped—toes up to neck—in a marvellous riot of colour, or knitting, or crocheted lace. ...Tops and legs exactly matched, worn with the smallest of mini-skirts—short and jumping, swinging from the hip. Grey rabbit fur, above, swung on the hips of a wildly scrolled leotard—mostly black, white, and a bright zing of pink. Camel-and-grey checks, opposite, held by braces over the same crash of leotard as above. This wool mini-skirt (about \$23) and the one above (about \$40), by Atelier. Ban-Lon leotard of Du Pont nylon jersey (S. Edward fabric), by Bewitching (to order); about \$30. All: Saks Fifth Avenue. Skirts: Harzfeld's; Frost Bros. Ben-King belt. Golo slippers.

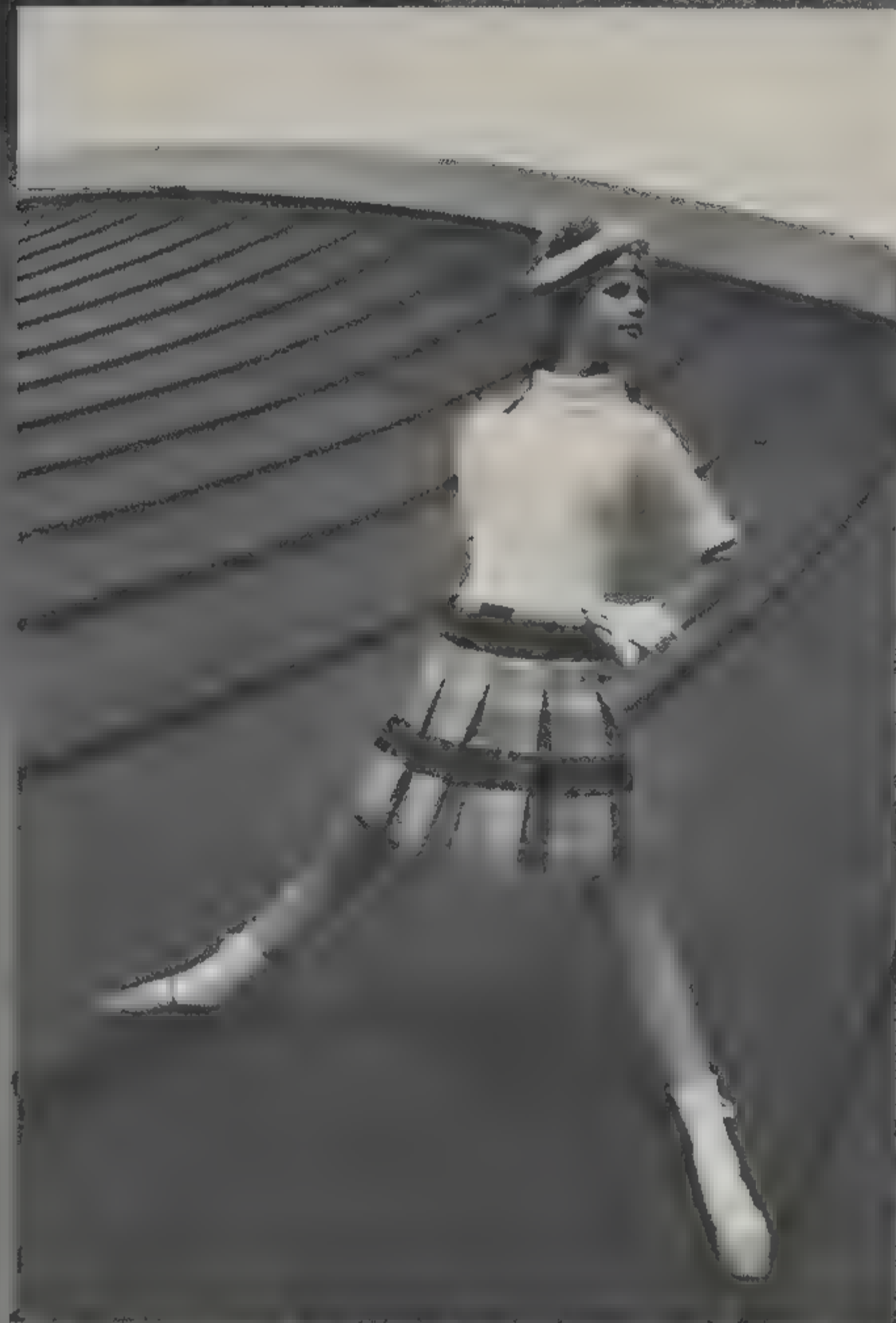


SCROLLED
LEOTARD...
SHORT SKIRTS
JUMPING IN FUR...
IN CHECKS



TOPS AND LEGS KNITTED... HIP SKIRTS... PLEATS, PLAID

First (left to right): Wool sweaters—ribbed beige (\$15) open-collared over pale grey (\$17). Grey mini-skirt of knitted wool, hip-riding (\$18). All by Geist & Geist; at Bonwit Teller. Capezio shoes. Second: Top and legs in white knitted lace of Orlon; pleated skirt. Top, about \$14; tights, about \$12; both by Sacony. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Sakowitz. Capezio shoes. Third: Yoke of smocked ribbing on a baby-sweater, pale-blue wool; \$13. Matching



baby top, \$5. Cuffed wool skirt topped to the knee, 16 inches long, \$13. All by Woolley; at Lord & Taylor. Shoes: Miss America. Fourth: Baby-sleeved sweater of ivory wool knit; about \$15. Hip skirt of brown wool 'Tattersall' knit checks, white knit belt; about \$18. All by Evan-Picard; at Saks Fifth Avenue. Hansen gloves at Adler. Fifth: Wide-ribbed white wool turtleneck sweater; about \$14. Plaid pleated wool skirt, in white and shades of grey; about \$16. Both by Kane of California. Sixth: Turtleneck pul in cream-white wool; about \$13. Shortest plaid skirt, in black, red and white wool; about \$11. Both by Perry Helton; at Best & Co.; Hudson's. Seventh: This page, by Capezio. Eighth: Knitted under Bunka Bros. Gilgerry top and skirt's belt, on these four pages, by Adele. Wool fabrics, this page, loomed in America.



TOPS AND LEGS IN SKIMPY BLACK... SHORT HIP SKIRTS, CHECKED



Mini-skirts—jumping from hip to hem in a smattering of inches. Tops—snug little slices of black ribbing, tucked into low belts. Matching legs—in boot-level black socks tied in satin. Hound's-tooth checks, black T-neck, left: Black-and-white checked skirt; sleeveless turtleneck sweater of ribbed Italian acrylic. Skirt by Sloat (Anglo wool); about \$30. Sweater by Lorca; about \$23. Colony belt. All: Bonwit Teller. Skirt, sweater: Gidding-Jenny; Battelstein's; Frederick & Nelson. Asymmetric sweater, Turtleneck skirt, right: Ribbed black wool top with one shoulder, one bow; beige-and-black checked wool skirt. Sweater by Jane Irwill; about \$15. Skirt by Sloat; about \$25. Low tied belt by Colony. Camisole, flip of pleats, far right: Black ribbed wool sweater with tiny straps; a Tattersall-checked skirt of black-and-white wool, box-pleated, with a buckled belt. Sweater by Jane Irwill; about \$11. Skirt by Sylvia de Gay for Robert Sloan; about \$30. All clothes, opposite page, at Altman's; Joseph Horne; Gidding-Jenny. Capezio shoes, both pages: Lord & Taylor. All socks by Bonnie Doon. Jersey hats: Adolfo. Wool fabrics, both pages, loomed in America. U.S. fashion ideas for the young Chicerino, also at the shops listed on page 52.





ITALIAN KNITS-RIBBING AND SPANGLES

Moon-shot looks with a twist of the mediaeval—these witty, beautiful Italians. Blazing orange and gold, left: Ropy needlepoint wool in two shades of orange, the marvellous chain-mail look of golden sequins everywhere—a skimpy little dress, matching boots. By Laura Aponte; at Saks Fifth Avenue. K.J.L. jewellery. Small knit, Camelot bandings, near right: Long pull, short skirt, of rust-coloured knitted wool, blazoned with curving borders of white at hem, shoulders. Also rust wool, a hood and leggy tights. By Maljana; at Lord & Taylor. Shoes by Cavaliere. Wide ribbed pants, long white top, far right: Pants d'éléphant with deep cuffs, of rib-knitted wool in sand-colour. The long easy top, of knitted white silk-and-wool, attached cuffs and turtleneck of sand-coloured ribbing. By Celli. Coiffures, on these pages: Enzo di Castelli. Background: the big birdcage at Rome's Zoo.





KNITS—THE SMALLEST COAT FOR THE SMALLEST DRESS

Scarlet knit, shiny black frogs, opposite: Smallest coat to skim over the smallest dresses—bright red knitted wool banded by rows of quilting; the frog closings, of shiny braided black leather. By Gino Paoli; about \$115 at Best & Co.; Gus Mayer; Harzfeld's. Aris gloves. Lateral stripes, left: Small well-knit dress for a small well-knit figure (not necessarily child-size—Vogue's model is five-feet-nine). The dress, knitted wool in stripes of pink and heathery charcoal that mitre at raglan sleeves, inch their way to a short short hem. Amba Knits by Junior Sophisticates; about \$85 at Saks Fifth Avenue; Hutzler's; Gidding-Jenny; Frost Bros. Shalimar gloves. Both pages: Golo boots.





THE LOVED HOUSE

OF THE DENNIS HOPPERS

BY TERRY SOUTHERN

The Den Hoppers are tops in their field. Precisely what their field is, is by no means certain—except that she is a Great Beauty, and he a kind of Mad Person.

I remember several years back my first meeting with Hopper—at the outlandish East Fifth Street pad of Allen Ginsberg and Peter Orlovsky—during what must have been one of the first “happenings” ever to occur in New York City. Orlovsky was playing on some sort of strange Eastern timpani, and chanting *sotto voce*: “Blood in the milk, blood in the milk, blood in the milk . . .” while Allen, dipping a rolled copy of *The New York Times Book Review* into a large can of honey, inscribed hauntingly cryptic word-images across the far wall. In one corner a movie projector was rattling away, showing Buñuel’s *L’Age d’Or*, in reverse, but was focused through an open door, so that nothing could be seen except when someone happened to pass through the stream of shuttering light. In the centre of the room an electric fan was lying on its back, blades up, whirling violently—and crouched beside it was a marvellous stark naked Negro girl of about twenty, holding a huge paper sack from which she took handfuls of what was apparently a mixture of rose petals and dog hair and dropped them into the fan, so that the room was like a kind of silent snow storm, all slow motion, the people moving about as in the softest dream. It was pretty weird, now that I think about it. And Hopper—who even then was probably one of the most talented actors alive—became quite excited by the spectacle and eager to take a part, gliding around in a Marcel Marceau manner, grimacing oddly and, at the same time, attempting to take photographs with a 135 mm. Nikon.

“No point to photo,” shouted Orlovsky, “unless there is treacle on (Continued on page 142)



Up in the Hollywood Hills, above the Sunset Strip, Mr. and Mrs. Dennis Hopper (portraits, *above left*) have a house of such gaiety and wit that it seems the result of some marvellous scavenger hunt, full of improvised treasures, the bizarre and the beautiful and the banal in wild juxtaposition, everything the *most* of its kind. *Left*, Mrs. Hopper, who is the actress Brooke Hayward, poses in a red leather chair for Robert Walker, junior. The pillow reads “Long May It Wave.”

Opposite, Mrs. Hopper’s two sons, Willie and Jeffrey, with the Hoppers’ three-year-old daughter, Marin, at Watts Towers, those romantic and extravagant constructions which—encrusted with shells and broken bottles and old dishes, fantastic and enchanting—suggest very well the Hoppers’ approach to their own house. *Opposite, above*, through the house, colour, verve, things in happy, anomalous coexistence. Here, a Frank Stella painting, an art nouveau stained glass panel, a Roy Lichtenstein painting.





DENNIS HOPPER

THE HOPPER HOUSE

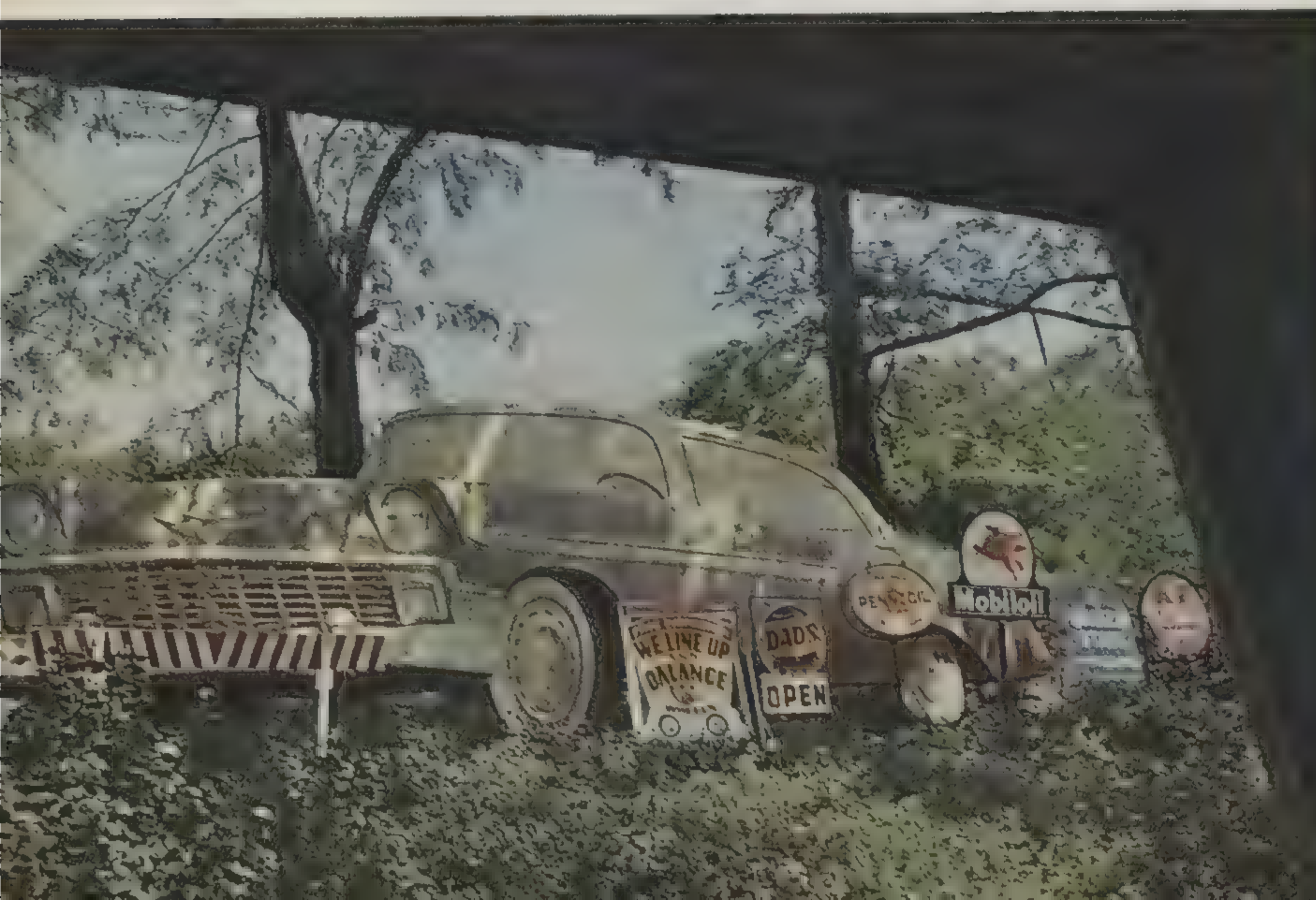
To visit the Hopper house is to be, at every turn, surprised, freshly beguiled by a kaleidoscopically shifting assemblage of found objects, loved objects, *objets d'art*. Above left, startlingly supine on the living room ceiling, a larger-than-life papier-mâché clown, spotted by the Hoppers in a travelling exhibition of Mexican folk art. On the wall, a Lichtenstein "mad scientist" canvas.

Above right, a French pitcher, Mexican paper flowers spilling from metal bowls, an art nouveau panel. Below, the view from the kitchen window of a 750-pound fibre glass sedan, part of a billboard retrieved from a junkyard, the effect reminiscent of a line from Terry Southern's *The Magic Christian*—"There's power to spare under this baby's forty-foot hood."

Near right, above, in the entrance hall, a three-dimensional carousel horse, spangled with brilliants, apparently ridden by the two-dimensional girl on the circus poster with its two-dimensional horse. Overhead, a revolving mirrored ball, the kind everyone used to dance beneath in places with names like the Aragon Ballroom.

Near right, below, on the kitchen cupboards, collages of old fruit-can wrappers. Opposite page, above, in the Hoppers' bedroom, an Italian brass bed with sailcloth curtains, a cut velvet spread. Dennis Hopper, who designed the woollen rug, had it woven in Mexico, for eight dollars, when he was on location acting in *The Sons of Katie Elder*. On the wall, left to right: a Helleu drawing above a Lichtenstein painting; an oil tapestry of water lilies, bought at auction; an Icart woman on a bear rug; a John Steuart Curry scene of Paris. On the table, photographs of Mrs. Hopper's father and mother, Leland Hayward and the late Margaret Sullavan. The throne chair in the corner was a studio prop.

Opposite page, below, on the dining room walls, a 1907 Budweiser girl and a Chéret poster. In the hall, one of several streetlights in the house. On the living room wall: a Marcel Duchamp found object; above it, the Mona Lisa in duplicate by Andy Warhol.





THE HOPPER HOUSE

(Continued from page 138) your lens!"

"My lens is fast," said Hopper calmly, "and my eye is keen."

In any event, it was absurd to try to shoot in that shadowed room, split only by a shaft of light that rattled and glittered like a mad king's sword. In retrospect, however, it seems appropriate to have met Hopper under such circumstances, if only because things have gotten progressively weirder for him.

Bred despite the wild sterility of Dodge City, he is now morassed in a creativeness that is almost as hopelessly complete as that which spread and drowned the great Cocteau. "Hopper, take care!" I charged him when last we met, on the eve of his madcap jaunt to photograph the Selma march, "you are spreading yourself thin—in this case, perhaps down to the proverbial mincemeat!" and then he threw a quick masculine look for support to Brooke Beauty—who responded only by shyly lowering her great doe eyes, sensual lips pursed into the sort of Mona Lisa smile which seemed to say: "Don't you know you are both mad as hatters?"

Speaking of Brooke now, it should be of interest to girl and lady readers to know that here at last (Hats Off!) is a woman who has given her "All for her Man!" Of grooviest lineage (out of Margaret Sullavan by Leland Hayward) and talk about your running starts: *Life* cover girl at fifteen and *Vogue* cover girl (at twenty-two) on her virgin show as a fashion model.

"What the hell happened," I inquired, "to your *career*?"

"Gosh," she replied sweetly, "here it comes now!"—as Marin, three, Willie, seven, and Jeffrey, eight, sashayed through the room, like a cute tidal wave, upsetting a seventeen-hundred dollar Kienholz and knocking its integrals slightly askew. "Oh God," she murmured, and moved (with winning grace) to set it right.

"Wait," snapped Hopper, staring at the fallen piece with intense scrutiny, "let's try it like that for a few days. It just *might* work."

Brooke sat down again. "All righty," she sighed, in a tone which may have reflected certain doubt and feminine savvy.

"Brooke," said Hopper tersely, "we *may* be on to something here!" And, seizing his camera, he began to photograph it rapidly from several angles.

"Where did you meet this Hopper?" I asked her quietly.

"We met in Mandingo," she (Continued on page 153)

Everywhere in the Hopper house the point is to amuse, to delight.

Near right, above, in the breakfast room, the table covered with brilliant oilcloth, a Mexican find at fifteen cents a yard.

Near right, below, stained glass in the kitchen, a glow of amethyst and amber.

Opposite page, above, dominating one room, an Edward Ruscha painting of a Standard station, all line and energy. To the left, a streetlight;

to the right, a Tiffany poppy light and a Bruce Conner drawing.

Not shown: a shiny white-enamel and black-leather barber chair.

Opposite page, below, Brooke Hopper with her children outside the house, which is itself a kind of jungle gym of the imagination,

a house which seems always subtly to compliment its guests.

"Look," it seems always to say, "what we have found now to divert you."







the first fame of Joanne Woodward and Paul Newman is as movie stars, as a revved-up couple. Georgia-born, green-eyed, and witty, Joanne Woodward (who is Mrs. Newman) plays, best, cat women; she won an Academy Award for her *Three Faces of Eve*. Cleveland-born, blue-eyed, and blunt, Paul Newman plays, best, handsome dogs, summing up with a sneer, a cock of his hat, the modern American heel. Perhaps his finest cinema rôles were in *Hud* and in *Sweet Bird of Youth*. (He originated *Sweet Bird's* blond disaster on Broadway.) Both Newmans, who met in the play *Picnic*, came to Hollywood fame from New York: *The Actors Studio*, live television, the plays of Williams and Inge. The training tells. Their strength is tension, drama; their way, to keep changing pace. In the movie *Lady L*, to be released this fall, he plays a French Robin Hood; in her next she is a lady gambler. She would like to do a comedy with him, Noël Coward, for instance, "but Paul says he's too sturdily Amerrrrican for that." When not working, the Newmans live, with their children, a sturdily American life in New York and, above, in Connecticut where they fish, drive around in a car that has their message: a Volkswagen with a Porsche engine.



Like most of the French public, I cling to a picture of American film stars living a life of bizarre extravagance high in the Hollywood Hills. So I was amazed by the quiet, familial atmosphere of the Paul Newman apartment in New York—where this American film star prefers to live. Portraits of children hung on the walls. On a chintz-covered sofa a pretty young woman, looking cool and simple in a Marimekko dress the colour of tangerine sherbet, sat holding a baby. The young woman's witty face was framed by light-brown hair, and it took me a few minutes to realize that this was Mrs. Paul Newman who, on the screen, is blond Joanne Woodward. Her husband, she explained, was on his way to Hollywood to start a new movie, so she would have to talk food for both of them.

I asked Joanne Woodward how she had started to cook. "Shortly before we were married," she said, "for Paul's birthday, I made up my mind to cook dinner, something I had never done before. I thought: 'How can you go wrong on a beef stew?' I got some filet cut up, some canned vegetables, dumped everything in a pot. It was horrendous. Paul tried to eat it—but I burst into tears. So we went and got a pizza.

"Then someone gave me my first copy of *Gourmet*. Since then I have never had a real failure. I think once you find out what a 'bouquet garni' is, you're home free. When we were first married, we used to give great brunches and dinner parties. Now the time we have we prefer to spend with the children. We never have more than eight or ten people, because I hate balancing a plate on my knees. There is no social aspect to dining unless you sit around a table. I don't even bring coffee to the living room."

We went into the dining room; the table was oval-shaped, highly polished. "It is a seventeenth-century Irish wake table," she said. "The coffin goes in the middle and everyone sits around and weeps and eats." The kitchen was American Functional, bright with various shades of yellow. Next to the kitchen, a small pantry bar. "This is very handy," said Joanne Woodward. "When I make casseroles, I believe in a good wine for a good sauce. But one night, when I reached for the Dom Perignon, Paul said, 'No.' That was going too far."

Many of her specialties, she added, are without wine and strictly American . . . Southern-fried chicken . . . wild rice . . . a soufflé of Southern grits. "Being Georgia-born," she said, "I was raised on those things. Like black-eyed peas and grits. You don't get good fried chicken any place except the South."

"What do you dislike?" I asked her. "Chocolate mousse," she said, "though I love everything else that's chocolate. I have had the most marvellous chocolate mousse, the best, and I take one bite and go oooooauho. . . ."

I asked if the Newman children had their preferences in food. "This one," she said, looking down at the baby, "is four weeks old and appreciates her mother's milk. My others are three and one-half and six. I wish you could see those two eat, with such delicacy, artichokes and hollandaise. That's my specialty and I never ever had hollandaise curdle or do any of those awful things it does. Paul makes the salad and cooks all the steaks and hamburgers.

"The first time we were in Paris, making *Paris Blues*, we lived in Montmartre and had a garden. Paul would stand out in the dead of winter with all the neighbours looking over the gates, grilling steaks in the yard. (Continued on next page)

JOANNE WOODWARD PAUL NEWMAN

A SECOND FAME: GOOD FOOD BY NINETTE LYON

I must say I had difficulty getting the right cuts of meat. I had to go back to the cow and show the butcher where it was, and then he would cut it for me.

"We used to get desperate once in a while from eating too much French food. When Paul got tired of cooking steaks, we would go to a tiny place just below Place Pigalle—a Southern restaurant in Paris. Fried chicken, rice and gravy, turnip greens, steak, apple pies. The owner, an American friend of ours who is also in the movies, said *he* had a terrible time getting the cuts of meat he wanted. So now he thinks of buying whole cows . . . or a butcher shop."

Then, with many gestures and just a touch of old-fashioned Hollywood extravagance, Joanne Woodward told me her favourite food story. "It took place in Israel, when Paul was making *Exodus*.

The Israelis are movie-mad. We could not walk down the street because we would be followed by fifteen hundred people and that used to terrify me. One morning, I was sitting having breakfast on the terrace enjoying the lovely spring day. It was during Passover and we could not have bread, so we had matzoh. I glanced over the side and sure enough there must have been fifty people . . . STANDING . . . STARING. Something snapped in my head. I picked up a handful of matzoh and threw it right down at them. But of course matzoh, being light, instead of falling went 'zum, zum, zum' . . . fly. ing in the air. And the Israelis with their divine sense of humour were grabbing matzoh out of the air and screaming 'thank you very much . . . *toda rabah*. . . '

The Newman recipes as Joanne Woodward tells them:

Hollandaise Sauce

3 egg yolks
3 tablespoons cold water
 $\frac{3}{4}$ pound butter
1 capful bottled lemon juice
Salt and pepper

"The eggs must be room temperature, not just out of the refrigerator. You put the yolks of the eggs in the top of a double boiler with the water. Place the double boiler over the fire, but *don't* let the water underneath boil, only get hot. Add salt and pepper and stir with a wooden spoon until the mixture just begins to coat the spoon. Then you take it off. You put in butter, soft, but *not* melted, a dollop at a time, and stir until it is all melted in. You keep it on the hot water while you do that.

"And then, you can let it sit for ages. At the last minute, but only then, I add bottled lemon juice—it can be fresh—a little more than you are supposed to, to make it more interesting, and I serve."

Paul Newman's Salad

"For the salad, he uses equal parts of hearts of iceberg lettuce, cucumbers, endive, celery leaves *and* stalks, yellow onions. Coarsely chopped. Crisped in cold water for ten minutes before serving. For the dressing, olive oil and wine vinegar, and whatever he feels like picking up off the herb shelf: orégano, garlic salt, thyme, tarragon. He reaches, puts in a little of this, a little of that, and it never fails."

Wild Rice

1 cup wild rice
1 tablespoon butter or oil
 $\frac{1}{3}$ cup chopped celery
2 tablespoons chopped chives
 $2\frac{1}{2}$ cups broth made with water and
2 or 3 chicken bouillon cubes
Pepper

Joanne Woodward explains: "Soak rice first in hot water for about 20 minutes, then drain. Heat butter in an iron skillet with a tight-fitting lid or in a Dutch oven. Sauté soaked, uncooked rice over medium heat until brown (if fire is too hot, the rice will pop like corn). Add hot chicken bouillon, bits of celery and chives. Mix well. Cover tightly and cook over low heat for about 45 minutes until all the liquid is absorbed. Add pepper to taste and serve."

Southern-Fried Chicken

1 chicken, cut up
2 eggs
2 tablespoons milk
Flour
Salt and pepper
1 cup peanut oil

"Wash the chicken with a damp cloth. Dip it in eggs beaten with salt, pepper, and milk. Then roll in flour (with salt and pepper in the flour as well). You can put it in a paper bag and shake it, but somehow I never seem to have a paper bag handy, so I just roll it in a bowl. . . .

"Fry it in very deep fat. You have to have a really big frying pan for it. It must never be cooked in the oven, but you can cover it for a little while because, really, the most important thing about doing fried chicken is it has to be thoroughly cooked. There is nothing worse than half-cooked fried chicken. It has to be browned first, then cooked very slowly for about 20 minutes, turning all the time. It must be very crisp and very well drained on paper before it is served."

Giacometti

(Continued from page 85)

And then what will happen to me? I'll die of it!"

There was nothing I could say or do. To be present but helpless, to be involved but removed made me feel ill at ease.

Alberto reached into his pocket, pulled out a handkerchief, stared at it for a moment, as though he didn't know what it was, then with a moan threw it onto the floor. Suddenly he shouted very loudly, "I shriek! I scream!"

Startled, I laughed uneasily.

"It's not nice to laugh at the misery of others," said Alberto grimly.

For a time he worked on in silence. Then abruptly he said, "Have you ever killed anyone?"

"No," I replied. "Why do you ask me that?"

"Because I believe you're capable of anything," he said. "It's a compliment."

"Thanks. And you? Have you ever killed anyone?"

"Never."

Working the next day, Alberto said, "Now I've got to undo everything. One should try to succeed in undoing everything and then doing it all over again very quickly, several times in the same sitting. I'd like to be able to paint like a machine."

We spoke of painting in general. He mentioned Le Nain, saying that those in the Louvre were to him among the most beautiful works there. "The figures in them express human feelings," he said, "and that becomes rarer and rarer in painting as we approach the present." I said that Cézanne expressed much human feeling in some of his paintings. Alberto said, "Maybe so, but he does it in spite of himself, whereas Le Nain does it deliberately. That makes all the difference. As for me, I'm incapable of expressing any human feelings at all in my work. I just try to construct a head, nothing more."

"That isn't everybody's opinion," I said. "In some of your sculptures and paintings I find a great deal of feeling."

"You may find it," said Alberto, "but I didn't put it there. It's completely in spite of me."

In order to "rest" from work

on the painting, he worked on a bust of his brother Diego. Recently, he said, he'd run into Malraux, who asked him what he was doing. "A head," he had replied.

"What monstrous pride!" Malraux had said, then went on to remark that there were, to be sure, Egyptian heads, Sumerian heads, Chinese heads, and Romanesque heads. And Gothic heads, Malraux had mused aloud, were there really any Gothic heads? But just then someone had come along and drawn him aside.

"So we'll never know whether there are really any Gothic heads," Alberto wryly observed.

When he resumed work on the painting, he said, "If only someone else could paint what I see, it would be marvellous because then I could stop painting for good."

"Considering the low opinion you always express of your work," I said, "it would interest me to know what you think of the people who admire it."

"When I see an exhibition of my own things, I'm the first to think that they're better than anyone else does. Then I realize that that has absolutely no relationship to what I hope to be able to do, so I conclude that they're really no good at all."

The next day, after he had worked for a time, Alberto said, "I've got to square everything. Everything is a sphere, a cone, or a cylinder, it's true. Too bad I'm not the first to have made that observation. Cézanne was right. But the Cubists were stupid enough to take him literally. For me Cubism was an utterly stupid undertaking."

"And yet the Cubists produced some very pretty things," I said.

"Yes," Alberto agreed, "pretty is just the word. Anyway, they quickly realized that it was a dead end and gave up."

When, as usual, the work began to go badly and Alberto was gasping and damning himself, I suggested that if he found the head so impossible, he might work on the rest of the picture.

"It would be filling in for the sake of filling in," he said. "You can't fake a picture like

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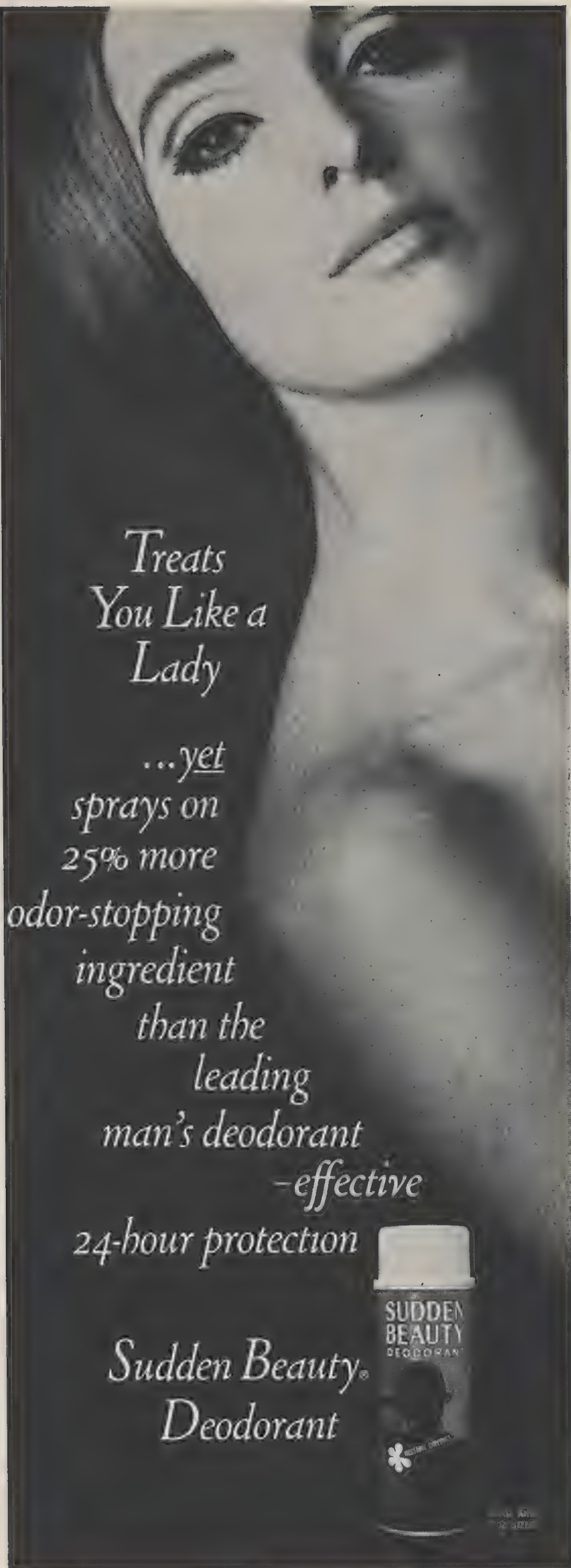
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Giacometti

(Continued from page 147)

that. Everything must come of itself and in its own time. Otherwise it becomes superficial."

The work went with great difficulty the next day. Alberto said, "I have to destroy everything again. There's nothing else to be done. Anyway, it's impossible really to accomplish anything. I'll just have to acknowledge that I'm not a painter, that's all." He sighed and hung his head.

"Drawing is the basis of everything," he said. "But the Byzantines were the only ones who knew how to draw. And then Cézanne. That's all."

Apparently things were going from bad to worse. "It's abominable, it's unbearable," Alberto moaned. "I'll die of it!"

The following afternoon he said, "Hell is right there."

"Where?" I asked. "On the tip of my nose?"

"No. It's your whole face."

After a while he said, "It's impossible to do what I'm trying to do. No one else could do it. Moreover, no one else is even trying to do it."

At times it seemed that the situation had become utterly unreal. The portrait as portrait no longer had any meaning. Even as a painting it didn't seem to mean much. What meant something, what alone existed with a life of its own was Alberto's indefatigable, interminable struggle through the act of painting to express a perception of reality which happened to coincide momentarily with my head. My involvement in Alberto's struggle was temporary, but sometimes I forgot its temporary nature as hour after hour and afternoon upon afternoon wore away. It was then that what was happening to us both through and because of the painting became slightly unreal, yet more than real in a way, since at the very root of it lay the nature of reality itself. Thus our presence and our relationship occasionally seemed to proceed from, and to partake of, the Absurd; to be at once both ridiculous and sublime.

He worked for a time, then said, "There's still the entire

body to be done. But as soon as I have the neck in place the rest will come of itself. By tomorrow evening I'll have it. One must strike out boldly."

Later it was evident that things were not going well. "I don't know how to do anything at all," he said. "If only Cézanne were here, he would set everything right with two brushstrokes."

The light in the studio gradually began to fade. But Alberto worked on. It seemed to me that we'd been there forever, like prehistoric insects caught in the jewel glue of some extinct conifer. "I've got you," said Alberto. "You can't escape me now." I wondered exactly what he meant. But it didn't matter. Whatever he meant, it was true. At last it became so dark we had to stop.

Alberto suggested that we go to the café before starting to work the next day. In the street he said, "Everything looks different today. Everything is more beautiful." In front of the café he stopped to gaze at the trees. "I've never seen them like that before," he murmured.

Inside the café he began to draw on the flyleaf of a book. It was a view of the café and it took shape with nervous, incisive strokes of his ball-point pen. I said, "It's difficult for me to imagine how things must appear to you."

"That's exactly what I'm trying to do," said Alberto, "to show how things appear to me."

"But what," I asked, "is the relationship between the way things appear to you and the technique that you have at your disposal for making what you see visible to others?"

"That's the whole drama," he said. "I don't have such a technique."

"But you *do* have a technique, after all."

"So little! When I was young, I thought I could do anything. And that feeling lasted until I was about seventeen or eighteen. Then I suddenly realized that I could do nothing, and I wondered why. I wanted to work to find out why. That's what's kept me working ever since, moreover, that desire to find out why I can't simply reproduce what I see. I started out

with the technique that was available at hand, which was more or less the Impressionist technique, and I worked with it until about 1925. Then suddenly, while I was trying to paint my mother from life, I found it impossible. So I had to start all over again from scratch, searching. And it seemed to me that I'd made some progress, a little progress, till I began to work with Yanaihara. That was about 1956. Since then things have been going from bad to worse." He sighed, glanced at the drawing he'd just done and closed the book.

We went back to the studio and started to work. "Four more sittings," said Alberto. "That's plenty of time to open the door or close it for good."

After a time he said, "What I'm doing is negative work. One has to do something by undoing it. Everything is disappearing again. One has to dare to give the final brushstroke that makes everything disappear."

"That's a daring you don't lack," I observed.

"It's not as easy as you may think," he answered. "Sometimes it's very tempting to be satisfied with what's easy, particularly if people tell you it's good."

"It must be very hard to know when to make things disappear and when not to."

"What's essential is to work without any preconception whatever, without knowing in advance what the picture is going to look like when it's finished. Van Gogh, for instance, worked with a preconception; he used to write to Theo, describing pictures he hadn't yet painted. But not Corot. His figure paintings are absolutely superb. And 'The Belfry of Douai' in the Louvre, it's like a dream."

"It is very, very important to avoid all preconception, to try to see only what exists. Cézanne discovered that it's impossible to copy nature. You can't do it. But one must try all the same, try—like Cézanne—to translate one's sensation."

At the end of the day the painting looked confused. Alberto was not pleased, but he said, "There is always some progress even when things are

at their worst, because then you don't have to do over again all the negative things you've already done."

A woman came to the door to ask for directions while we were working the next afternoon. She asked whether Alberto was *the* Giacometti. He said yes. When she'd gone, I laughed and pointed out to him that, after all, he did know how famous he was.

He smiled. "I'm always surprised when I realize that strangers have heard of me."

"It's not surprising. After all, your name is often in the newspapers."

"Not as often as General de Gaulle's!" said Alberto, smiling.

"But how do you feel about having become so famous and having achieved so much?" I asked.

"I feel different things at different times. I resisted the intrusion of success and recognition as long as I could. But maybe the best way to obtain success is to run away from it. Anyway, since the Biennale it's been much harder to resist. I've refused a lot of exhibitions, but one can't go on refusing forever. That wouldn't make sense."

"But doesn't all this force you to realize that you *have* achieved something, no matter what you may think when the work is going badly?"

Alberto shook his head. "When I was a boy, I felt that I could devour the world and accomplish anything. That was when I was fourteen. But little by little I realized that it was absurd. By the time I was twenty-five I no longer expected to achieve anything stupendous. And how right I was! Yet in the Surrealist group I did have some reputation as an avant-garde sculptor. Of the work of all those years I can say only that I did it because it was so easy. The sculptures used to come to me complete in my mind. Then the only problem was executing them and that was a mechanical matter with which Diego helped me."

"But I was expelled from the Surrealist group because I wanted to work from a live model. That was a relief. I hated the

(Continued on page 150)



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Giacometti

(Continued from page 149)

feeling of competition, of one artist working against another and even exploiting ideas which were sometimes not originally his own. I was happy when I started to work in complete isolation. I even regret those years now, because then I was able to work for months and months on the same thing without interruption. Now it's no longer possible. There are too many outside demands.

"During those early years I earned my living by making objects, lamps, vases, and such things for the decorator Jean Michel-Franck. Other artists did the same thing, and many of them seemed to think it was shameful in some way. But I never felt that. I devoted as much care to making a lamp as I did to making a sculpture, because I felt that if I could make a lamp which was really a good lamp, that would help me with everything else. And it did. By making those objects I realized the limitations of some of my earlier work."

"Maybe," I said, "that's why your lamps are true objects of art rather than merely lamps."

"Maybe."

"Have you ever made a sculpture that was really abstract?"

"Never, with the exception of the big cube I did in 1934, and in fact I considered that one as a head. So I've never done anything that was really abstract."

It was the seventeenth sitting. As he began work Alberto seemed very optimistic. He said, "It's really rolling along today. I'm doing something that I've never done before. I have a very large opening in front of me. It's the first time in my life that I've ever had such an opening."

Anyone who knows Alberto well has heard him say that he has just come to feel for the first time in his life that he is on the verge of achieving something. And no doubt that is his sincere conviction at the moment. But to a detached spectator it may seem that the particular piece of work which provokes this reaction is not radically different from

those which have preceded it. Moreover, it will in all likelihood not seem radically different from those which follow, some of which will certainly provoke the same reaction.

In short, the reaction is far more an expression of Alberto's total creative attitude than of his momentary relationship to any single work in progress. He might deny this. In fact, it would probably be vital for him to deny it, because in the earnest sincerity of the individual reaction dwells the decisive strength of all the others, past and to come. If Alberto can not feel that something exists truly for the first time, then it will not really exist for him at all. From this almost childlike and obsessive response to the appearance of reality springs genuine originality of vision.

"It's possible for me now to undo the whole thing very quickly," he said. "That's good."

"Why?" I asked.

"Because I'm beginning to know what it's all about."

"What?"

"A head," he replied simply.

Before long, of course, the work began to go less well. Alberto moaned, gasped, and finally uttered a loud scream of exasperation. He said, "I'm making everything disappear again."

"That's no surprise," I said.

Alberto shrugged. "Well, at least I have the courage not to be prudent. I dare to give that one final brushstroke which abolishes everything."

"But why do you have to do it?"

"Because there's no other way out."

October first was the last day on which I posed. I felt elated and alarmed. If the work went badly, there would be no changing it afterward.

As he began work, Alberto said, "It's terrifying. The whole thing is lopsided again." And after a time he added, "I don't mind telling you that I'm demolishing everything."

"Of course," I said.

Later, when the work was apparently at its worst, he suddenly uttered a loud cry, let his arms fall, and said, "I'm giving up painting for good. It's horrible. I'm right back where I was in

'25."

I said nothing. A minute, two minutes passed, then he began to paint again. He said, "When I was forced to give up working from nature in 1925, I began to make objects—like 'The Palace' in New York—which had primarily an emotional reality. But they were just stopgaps. All during the Surrealist period I was haunted by the realization that sooner or later I would have to go back to nature. And that was terrifying, because I knew at the same time that it was impossible."

The work continued and seemed to go no better. "One might imagine," Alberto said, "that in order to make a painting it's simply a question of placing one detail next to another. But that's not it. That's not it at all. It's a question of creating a complete entity all at once."

"Is that," I asked, "why Cézanne said that it was impossible to add a single brushstroke to a painting without changing the whole thing?"

"Exactly."

After about two hours of work that last afternoon, when I had stood up for a rest and the painting appeared to me very near its best, I suggested to Alberto that we leave it as it was.

He sighed. "It's too bad," he said. "We could have gone so much farther. There's an opening. There's a real opening. It's the first time in my life that I've had an opening like this."

He took the painting from the easel and stood it at the rear of the studio, then went back to look at it from a distance. "Well," he said, "we've gone far. We could have gone farther still, but we have gone far. It's only the beginning of what it could be. But that's something, anyway."

Alberto had three recent busts in the studio, two modelled directly from life, the other done from memory.

"Which do you prefer?" he asked me.

"The one from memory," I answered.

"Why?"

"Because it makes the other two, though they were done from life, look dead."

"Exactly. It's strange, isn't

it? That's because everything is false in the busts from life."

"Why should that be?"

"Because the element of illusion is not great enough. It's the same thing that makes a Cycladic head so much more alive than a Roman portrait bust. To make a head really lifelike is impossible, and the more you struggle to make it lifelike the less like life it becomes. But since a work of art is an illusion anyway, if you heighten the illusory quality, then you come closer to the effect of life."

"But how do you do that?"

I asked.

"That's the whole drama," said Alberto.

The next day on my way to the airport I stopped at the studio to pick up Alberto who was going out to Orly to see me off. The painting had already been taken away, still wet, to be packed for shipment to the United States for the Pittsburgh International Exhibition.

"It's gone," said Alberto.

"I'm gone," I said, "and I'm leaving. It seems very strange, doesn't it?"

"It's too bad. We'd only

started. We could have gone on for a long time."

"I know," I said. "It's very strange to be here in this place where I've really lived more than anywhere else for the past weeks and to know that it's for the last time."

"You won't be gone so long," said Alberto. "And when you come back we'll begin again. We'll go farther."

"Yes," I said.

We went out and got into the taxi. It was a grey, cold day. It was the first disagreeable day of that autumn.

Courtship

(Continued from page 126)

"But aren't they more afraid of stupid ones?" I asked amazedly. Dead languages apparently unsexed one!

Then silence—silence which had so often and so vainly been enjoined upon me—silence was apparently no longer "golden." It was an antisocial act, almost a crime. To talk unceasingly (and of course as entertainingly as possible) was not only a right but a duty. As a child, one of my major vices had been to "excite" and even to "overexcite" other children. "They will never be allowed to come to tea again," I was constantly warned, "after the way you overexcited them last time." It now became not only my privilege but my bounden duty to excite, or better still, to overexcite, grown-ups—to the utmost limits of my capacity. All this was very bewildering and, in some ways, agreeable.

But in one respect I had been very seriously deceived. For "doing nothing" hardly described the life which now began. It was no lotus-eater's paradise. On the contrary, in its own way it was far more strenuous and exacting than anything I had ever experienced in the schoolroom. Throughout the season there were dinner parties, garden parties, weekend parties, parties for Ascot and Goodwood. Then there were five to eight balls every week—often more than one every night—and in these I tasted a bacchantic ecstasy.

But I ached with boredom through the long and weary

hours spent in "trying on"—trying on the innumerable and unnecessary clothes which were pinned on to me, and often in to me, nearly every morning. And here let me say that, looking back, I realize how much lower the standard of taste in women's clothes was in those days, and how abominably I and most of my contemporaries were dressed. I can remember a progressive nightmare of hideous fashions: the Chinese torture of the hobble skirt, in which one was encased like a banana, so that one could barely step out of a taxi, let alone leap from a hansom cab; the egg-boiler waists into which we were painfully squeezed, bulging above and below.

And our hats! Hats of gargantuan size and ugliness, skewered to our heads by several gigantic pins; hats bearing no relation whatsoever to the face below; hats covered with flowers, feathers, fruit, dead birds, dead sea apples; hats of such leaden weight that I marvel how our poor skulls supported them.

As to makeup, of course no girl used rouge or lipstick in those days, and even powder was very furtively and cautiously applied. I can remember on one rather special occasion secretly rubbing a little pink carbolic tooth powder into my cheeks and feeling all the evening like the Scarlet Woman.

But looks and clothes alone were far from "filling the bill" which was expected from girls in those days. A very high standard of social competence was demanded, and had to be achieved. In fact, to be an Edwardian

débutante was rather like being an athlete in chronic training for a perpetual boat race.

It was impressed upon us that our first duty was to ensure, by hook or crook, that no one who came within our range had a dull moment. Conversation was in those days recognized, respected, and practised as one of the arts of life—or, at least, as one of its obligations. At all costs it must be "kept up"—stoked and stirred and kindled like a Sacred Fire. Stagnation, stickiness, the lull of boredom, silence, these were indelible blots on the escutcheon of any girl if they occurred within her orbit.

The duty which is conventionally ascribed to girls of "arranging the flowers" was one which never came my way, or that of any girl I knew. Ours was the far heavier responsibility of arranging the people; of strewing around the table before every luncheon and dinner party the names of guests on cards, and trying to work out human juxtapositions and combinations which would create the maximum of pleasure and amusement. Each individual match must be provided not only with a box to strike on, but with the box best calculated to ignite it. If the fireworks sparkled and the table blazed, we had done well. If the squibs were damp and fizzled, it was our funeral.

I have sometimes been asked, and I have often wondered myself, how the girls of those days ever managed to "deliver the goods" which were demanded of them. Suddenly released from
(Continued on page 153)

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Plotted here: 10 drinks from Vogue's private file, all delectably simple and properly summery without veering to the surrealist extreme of passion-fruit-and-something which—being neither “cool” nor cooling—has rarely made the grade from recipe to frosty glass and clinking pitcher. Everything here is tried and true; each draught chosen with the idea that a change of drink adds a certain beguiling lagniappe to the change of season. (All place names are summer-place names.)

COOL QUENCHER

COFFEE COOLER

From Mrs. Charles Munroe, Nassau

Tip: Keep a jug of very strong black coffee on ice; as guests return from golf, tennis, or whatever, mix coolers in blender.

- 1 tbsp. vanilla or coffee ice cream
- 1 cup black coffee
- 1 tsp. thin cream

Blend and serve in a rocks glass. A batch can be made at one time and served out of a pitcher but it should not stand. Spiked with cognac, this innocent brew becomes a fine cocktail.

LIGHT DRINKS AND GENTLE PUNCHES

SANGRÍA

*From Mr. and Mrs. William Rayner,
Southampton*

A delicious al fresco drink before, during, possibly after a luncheon of salad, French bread, many cheeses. This recipe serves 12 people.

- 4 to 6 bottles Spanish red wine
(Yago, for instance)
- 6 apples
- 4 bananas
- 8 oranges
- 3 lemons
- Sugar
- 4 pieces of cinnamon

Slice bananas. Peel half the oranges and section. Squeeze juice from the rest. Section apples. Squeeze lemons. Put wine into large pitchers. Divide the fruit among them, adding approximately 1 tablespoon of sugar for each bottle of wine (this won't be too sweet; use more if you want it sweeter). Put a stick of cinnamon into each pitcher. Store pitchers in icebox for at least three hours. Serve in large balloon glasses with ice; make sure there is some fruit in each.

Mr. and Mrs. John Barry Ryan III also serve Sangría at their summer place in Newport, sometimes on their boat, at the beach. Mrs. Ryan varies the fruit from day to day, often substituting plums and peaches for the apples and bananas.

CHAMPAGNE BOLLA

From Mrs. Bruno Pagliai, Beverly Hills

Festive wherever you are. Mrs. Pagliai—who, as everyone knows, is also Merle Oberon—serves this in California and also at her houses in Acapulco and Cuernavaca.

- 2 qts. champagne
- French fraises des bois
- Champagne grapes
- Fresh mint

In the morning, fill a large pitcher with champagne. In it, steep tiny champagne grapes and strawberries. At serving time, add ice cubes and fresh mint leaves.

CHAMBRAISE

From Mrs. Peter Dixon, Southampton

A new apéritif made in France, Chambraise is a lovely pale rosy vermouth with the fragrance and flavour of fraises des bois. Serve in a tall glass with ice—2 parts soda to 1 part Chambraise. Or: pour half a jigger of Chambraise into a stemmed tulip glass; fill with iced brut champagne.

BUCK FIZZ

*From Mr. and Mrs. Leland Hayward,
Yorktown Heights*

Probably named for the Bucks Club, London, where it is a before-the-races tradition. Mrs. Hayward discovered it in England, serves it here as a pre-luncheon drink. Place a lump of sugar in a champagne glass; saturate with a drop of brandy; fill glass with ½ fresh orange juice, ½ chilled champagne. Note: If you use blood oranges to make this drink, you must change its name to Mimosa.

BLITHE SPIRITS

MCKINNEY SPECIAL

*From Mr. and Mrs. Iva S. V.-Patevitch,
Southampton*

- 1½ oz. light rum
- 1 egg white
- 3 oz. fresh pineapple juice

Mix in a blender with shaved ice and serve in a chilled cocktail glass. The twist here is the fresh pineapple, no need for sugar.

ANTIGUA RUM PUNCH

*From General Bradley Gaylord, Antigua,
Chatham, Massachusetts*

- 6 oz. Barbados rum

- 1½ oz. lime juice
- 1 oz. guava syrup
- 3 drops hot sauce (Tabasco or
West Indian pepper sauce)
- 3 dashes Angostura

Mix in a blender with crushed ice. Pour into a chilled sour glass filling it ¾ full. Fill to the brim with soda water. Add a dash of grated nutmeg on top. (This makes 2 drinks.)

MONTEGO PUNCH

From Mr. and Mrs. Guy Roop, Santa Barbara

Tip: The Roops make this with whiskey, though they discovered it in Jamaica where the base was rum. Scotch, brandy, vodka, or gin are all excellent. With rum or brandy, add a dash of Chinese-Jamaican Pimento Brandy.

- 4 oz. spirits
- 1 tbsp. sugar
- 1 egg white
- Juice of 2 limes or 1 lemon

Mix in a blender with crushed ice. Serves two—use chilled champagne glasses.

TEQUILA LEMONADE

*From Mr. and Mrs. Wolfgang Schoenborn,
Acapulco*

Make a lemonade of mixed limes and lemons to taste. The Schoenborns' fruit is tree-ripened at their own quinta so no sweetening is needed. Pour 1½ oz. Tequila into a tall glass. Fill with ice and lemonade. Stir well.

THUNDERBALL

From Ann, Lady Orr-Lewis, Nassau

This new twist on the classic tropical gimlet appeared in the Caribbean this spring during the shooting of the James Bond movie of the same name. Serve on the rocks.

- 1½ oz. vodka
- Juice of ½ fresh lime

Courtship

(Continued from page 151)

the Trappist seclusion of the schoolroom and plunged from one day to the next into this whirling social vortex without any preparation or training, how did they manage to acquire their new and bewildering craft? I think it was rather like learning to swim by being thrown into the sea. You either swam or you drowned. And I think that keeping afloat depended then, just as it does today, not on technique, or expertise, not even on our looks, but on our own native powers of enjoyment. If you happened to be (as I mercifully was) a naturally gregarious chatterbox, to whom every stranger was a new adventure, well, you had fun, and others probably had it with you. But for a recluse, a rebel, a shy, self-conscious introvert, I can imagine no greater ordeal than the course we had to cover.

I remember once at a dinner party overhearing a rather dull but conscientious girl whose neighbour, a fastidious social epicure, had not addressed one word to her, saying: "Mr. Charteris, please don't think that I mind your not talking to me all through dinner—but will you *please* explain to Mama *without fail* directly afterwards exactly why you haven't done so?"

When I "came out," the pageant of London Society had a setting of great dignity and beauty. The great houses—Staf-

ford House, Dorchester, Devonshire, Lansdowne, and Grosvenor House—had not yet been pulled down or transformed into offices, hotels, and clubs. And there I danced through the long summer nights till dawn, and drove home, heavily chaperoned, in a four-wheeler (a "growler," as it was vulgarly called in those days) with my feet in the straw and my head among the stars.

There were no telephones or taxis, yet the current of life seemed swift enough. I remember that if one wanted to communicate in a hurry with a young man, one wrote a note and gave it to a hansom to deliver. Conventions were of course incomparably stricter than they are today (when they can hardly be said to exist), but I was never aware that they prevented me from doing anything I really wanted to.

There were a few "rules of the game" which we observed automatically. First and foremost there was the indispensable necessity of a chaperone on all public occasions. If any girl had in those days gone out alone with a young man to a party, a theatre, or a restaurant unchaperoned, it would have been instantly assumed either (by the charitable) that she was engaged to him, or (by the uncharitable) that she had gone irrevocably to the bad. I can remember my stepmother (who was notoriously unconventional) solemnly warning me when I "came out." "To drive back home after a ball

with a young man, *even* in a four-wheeler," she assured me, "spells doom to any girl." (To have driven back in a hansom would, I suppose, have been to advertise one's doom!) I was, however, always allowed to have young men to tea with me unchaperoned, and this, though it won me the envy and respect of my contemporaries, was, by many mothers, considered very fast, not to say sharp practice.

Looking back now on the strange and arbitrary rules by which we lived in those days, I sometimes wonder whether they really were devised solely for our protection? Or whether, in fact, they had a subtler purpose? In the eyes of mothers, let us face it, "coming out" was a necessary preamble to "getting married." And although every sort of artificial obstacle to intimacy was erected, it may have been (who knows?) because an obstacle race is rather more amusing than a flat race and provokes more competitors. Many of the hoops, it is true, were only paper hoops, but even a paper hoop is better than no hoop at all. Today all conventions and taboos have been relaxed to vanishing point, and again, I sometimes wonder whether the game may not have become less exciting just because there are no rules. Courtship in Edwardian days was like fly-fishing. Today it is like fishing with worms. There can be no doubt which of the two is the more skilled—and the more exciting—occupation.

The Hopper House

(Continued from page 142)

answered, allowing her left Capezio to dangle from a nicely arched foot.

"Mandingo? An exotic enough flavour, Brooke, but where the devil is it? You've got to realize that my readership demands facts, facts, facts . . . oh, I see, you mean in *Mandingo*?"

"Yes, in the play *Mandingo*. Dennis was the lead, and I was his wife."

"So we decided to *really* do it," said Dennis, chuckling madly (actually it was more of a "mock snicker" than a mad chuckle) while he attached a huge 250 mm. lens to his camera.

"Well, we had to," added Brooke with a twinkle, "if we were going to do it at all—I mean, the *play* closed after two performances."

"The first in an interminable series of ignominious failures," muttered Hopper, balancing the great lens on top of a chair. "Brooke, lie down for a minute by the fallen Kienholz—I think we're on to something here."

Hopper is "on to something" all right. He has accumulated a priceless collection of contemporary art. Works of Lichtenstein, Warhol, Jasper Johns, Rauschenberg, Stella, Rosenquist, Olivera, Altoon, Oldenburg, Milton Avery, Wesselmann, Raysse, Larry Poons—all acquired well

before their prominence—form the nucleus of what must be one of the best private collections in the country.

I asked Frank O'Hara, Associate Curator of Painting and Sculpture of the Museum of Modern Art, what he thought of Hopper's collection. "Excellent," he said, "but that's not surprising because so is his own work," referring to the myriad collages, assemblages, and photo-abstractions done by the collector himself—the bulk of which, as it turns out, was destroyed in the big Bel Air fire of 1961, along with some six hundred manuscript pages of poetry.

"Since that moment," said
(Continued on page 162)



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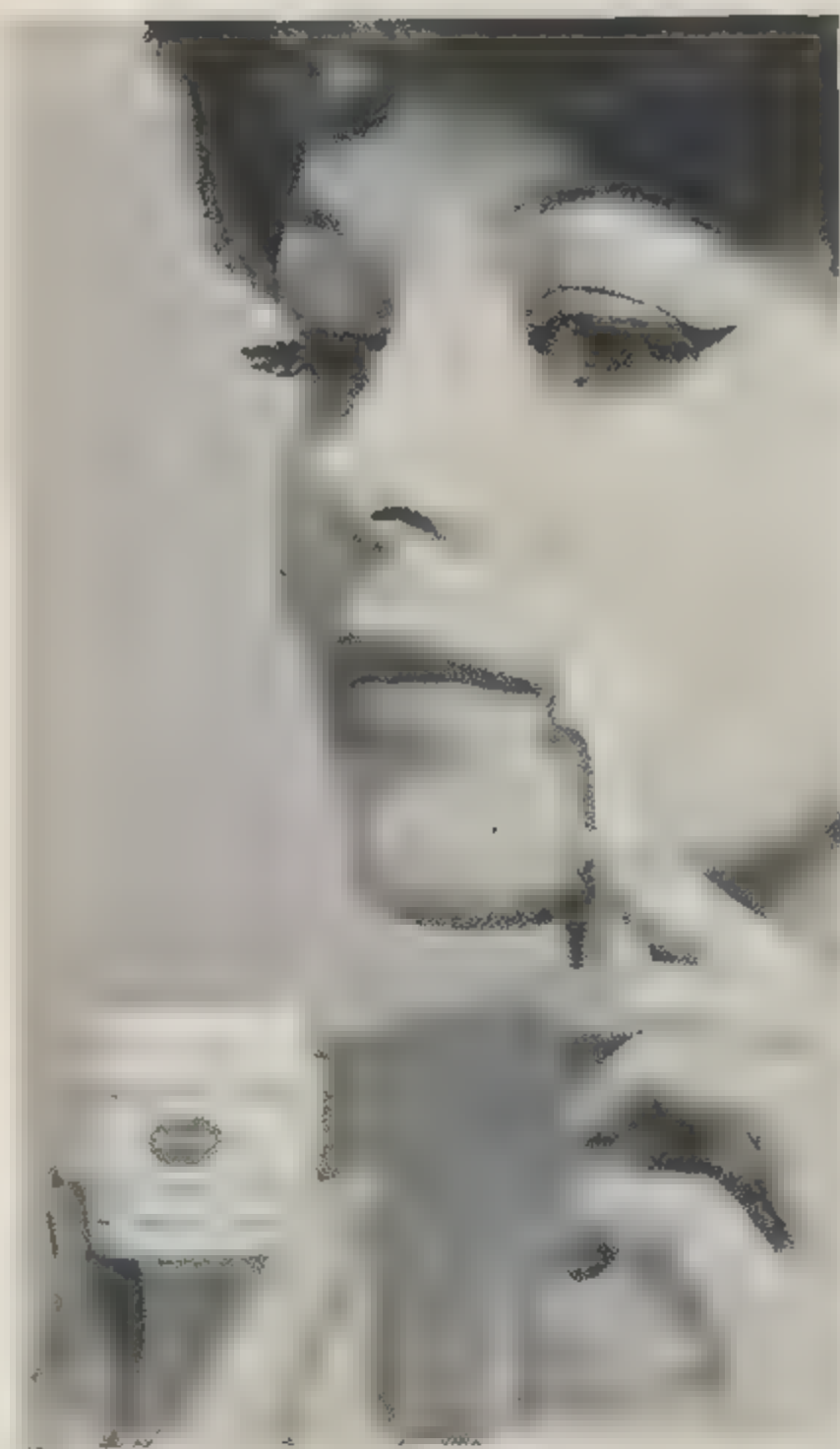
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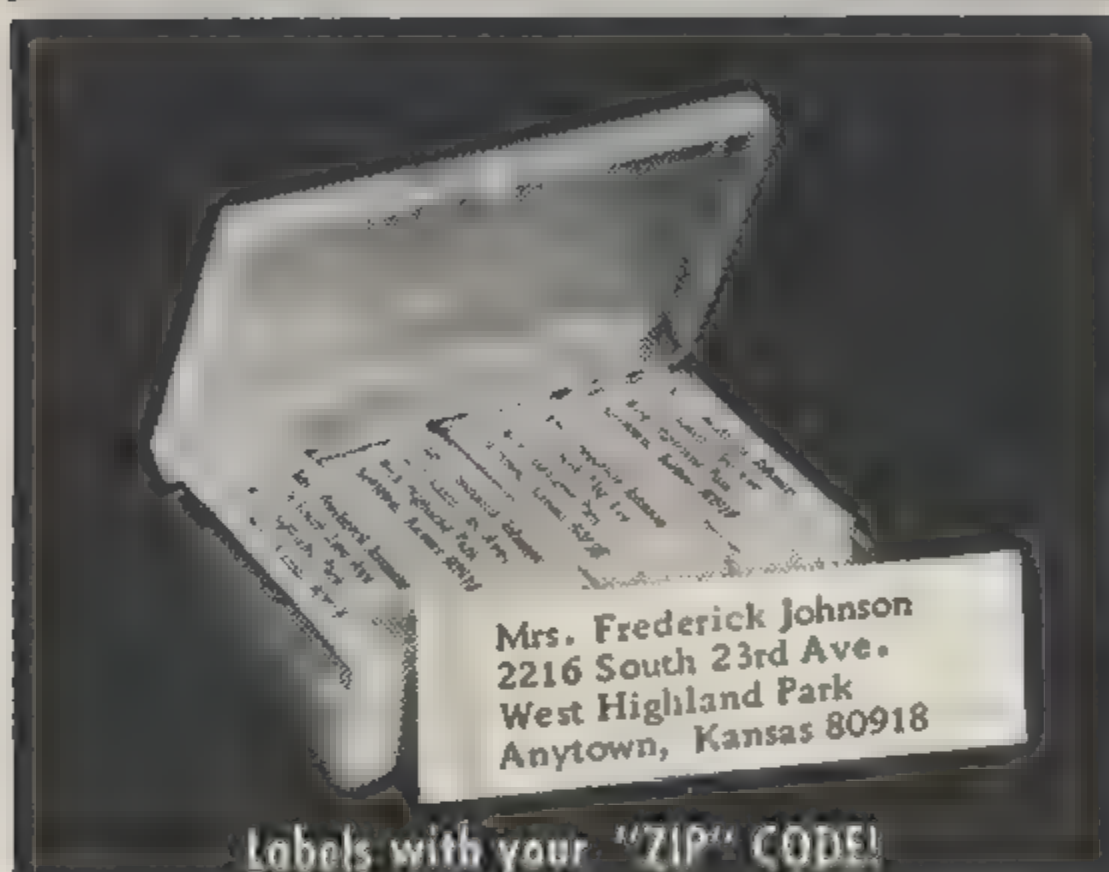
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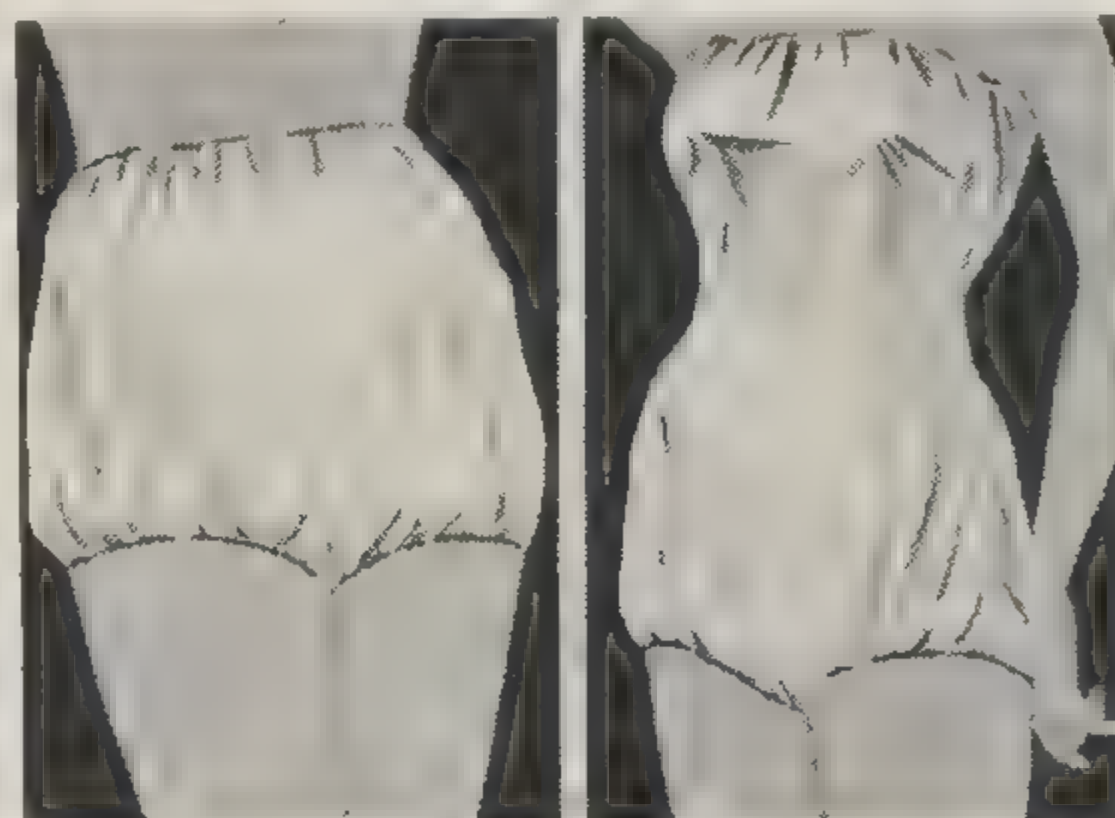
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SHOP HOUND



5



6



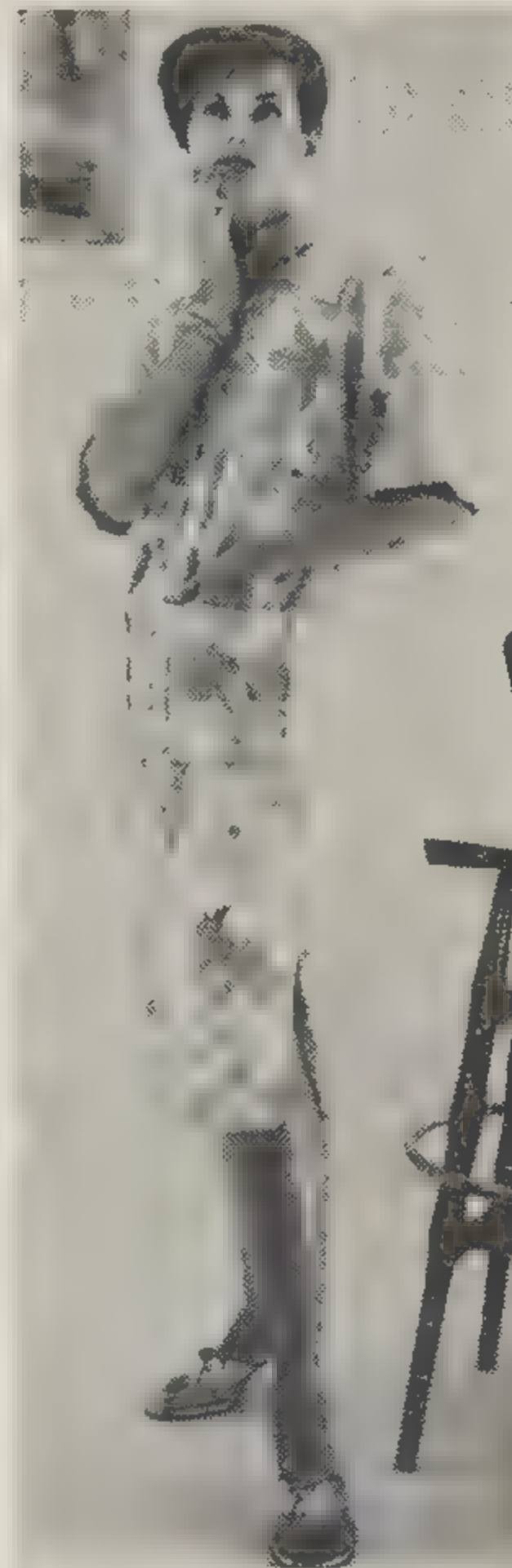
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8

Ribbon and eyelet for a little girl (5): Nightdress and peignoir of white poplin; every edge threaded with blue satin ribbon, rimmed in eyelet scallops. Also white with pink. 2-14; \$29.95. Lullabye Shop, Worth Avenue, Palm Beach, Florida. . . . **The challis handbag (6):** Berries and flowers on bright, soft wool challis. Top—pink, double handle. \$26. Below left—red oval, chain handle to swing over the shoulder. \$21. Below right—blue, threaded chain handle. \$36. By Coblentz. Saks Fifth Avenue, New York 22. . . . **Littlest alarm clock (7):** About the size of a quarter, shockproof, it comes in a black leather case, and—best of all—has tiny legs to stand on (tucked away here). 17-jewel Swiss movement. \$75. By Ernest Borel. Bonwit Teller Men's Shop, 721 Fifth Avenue, New York 22. . . . **Service for one (8):** Folding table with white Lucite top, legs of brass. \$90. Fresh flowers for it: scalloped linen cloth, \$25; matching napkin, \$4.50. Linens by Porthault. All at Jansen Shop, 42 East 57th Street, New York 22.

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The Hopper House

(Continued from page 153)

Hopper (somewhat wistfully), "I haven't written a word."

"As the fire came up the canyon," said Brooke (somewhat fretfully), "the man across the street watched it with binoculars, then he started loading a station wagon. Dennis was asleep, so I woke him up. 'Ask him to wake us when he gets ready to leave,' he said, 'tell him on no account to leave without waking us.' And he went back to sleep. We lost everything—a huge lovely house, paintings, all my *clothes* . . . well, just *everything*."

"Speaking of careers, Hopper," I said directly, "tell me a little about your own—*acting*—wise, that is. Let's just take it from the top, Den."

"I opened at the old Globe Theatre in San Diego," he said, turning his 200 mm. lens on me, squinting and squirming for focus, "when I was thirteen, as the *urchin* in Dickens's *Christmas Carol*. From then on it began to build . . . to its present colossal status. Har-har."

Hopper, in his own odd (God bless him) way is forever prone to belittle his actual status—equally as an actor, photographer, and as a full-on artist. Complimented on a photograph, for example, he is most apt to shrug and say, "Well, man, that's what was happening."

I asked him how it was that he got interested in Actors Studio.

"Well, I stayed in repertory at the Globe until I was eighteen. Then I saw what Clift and Brando were doing, and I knew that was the only way to go. So I went to New York and spent the next four years, off and on, with Strasberg."

"And how did you get your first work in films?" I wanted to know.

"As an epileptic," he said, and ran through a few spasms adroitly, "—it was for a TV program called *Medic*. They said my seizures were the best they'd seen, indistinguishable from the real thing. The next day, I got contract offers from five major studios. I took one from Warners

so I could be in *Rebel Without a Cause*. And that's where I met Dean."

Hopper's seriousness usually tends to be somewhat manic, but when he speaks of James Dean he always does so with a soft reverence.

"He was the great one," he continued, "he never went to Actors Studio, but he had more natural talent than all the others. And he was a great teacher. He taught me the trick about the 'Imaginary Line.' If you go to a movie set you'll notice that the people who are sitting around *off* camera—the technicians and the visitors and so on—are behaving in one way, and the people who are *on* camera, that is to say, the 'actors,' are behaving in another. In other words, one is natural and the other is false. Dean knew how to observe what was going on immediately *off* camera, and how to bring that same tone of reality onto the set itself. And that's what's meant by 'great acting'—because then it isn't *acting* at all."

The few films Hopper has appeared in have been very interesting ones indeed—*Rebel Without a Cause*, *Giant*, *Gunfight at the O. K. Corral*, *Night Tide*—and his performance has always been highly praised.

"But why this paucity of output?" I asked him.

"Blacklist," he replied. "I was blacklisted for having super-talent—like the time Charlie Parker was kicked out of Howard McGhee's band."

"My readership, sir," I had to remind him, "would like the *facts*."

"Very well," said Hopper, "these are the facts. I was working with a director who did not understand what was happening. He didn't understand the motivations of the character, nor the obligations of the scene. I was forced to ignore him."

"Forced to ignore the director? (pause) I see. And how did that work out?"

"We did seventy-eight takes. It became a kind of insane obsession with both of us to see who would be the first to crack. He insisted on reshooting the scene, and I insisted on doing it my way. So we shot it seventy—
(Continued on page 164)

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The Hopper House

(Continued from page 162)

eight times. They say it's a record for retakes. Anyway I was the first to crack—I finally just walked away. That was eight years ago, and I hadn't worked since... not until recently, when the same director—Henry Hathaway—hired me again, for a part in *The Sons of Katie Elder*. 'You're a spunky kid,' he said (pause, chuckle) and this time we got along fine—in fact, it was groovy."

The exterior of the Hopper house presents a deceptively conventional beauty. A sort of California-Spanish structure on a neatly landscaped rise of ground. Inside, however, it is at once a harmonious nightmare of Gothic surrealism. To begin at the darkened foyer—a splintered-mirror ball revolves on the ceiling, bouncing lights like a magic prism. This room, which measures only about six by six, also contains a life-size girl from a circus poster and a small Hammond organ, so that the effect is like that of passing through a miniature ballroom. And then, into the fun house proper!—which, I daresay, photographs can describe better than words.

Hopper's aesthetics are extremely complex—he revels in seeing an absurd, sometimes grotesque, beauty in objects which are generally least suspect of it. To walk down a city street with him is like being attached to a moving adrenaline pump. The sight of a new-style parking meter will elicit a super enthusiastic "Wow, dig that! It's fantastic!" And, proper conditions prevailing, he will steal it.

I always tried to control him. "For chrissake, Hopper, you're outta your mind. I mean, that kind of 'new-born babe impressionism' was old hat in the Village ten years ago!"

"Yeah, man," he would say (pointing wildly), "but dig!" And finally I began to believe him—not for me, of course, but for him—and then I could only nod and say: "Yeah, go, Dennis, go!"

And he did. And as far as I know he's still going—very strong indeed.

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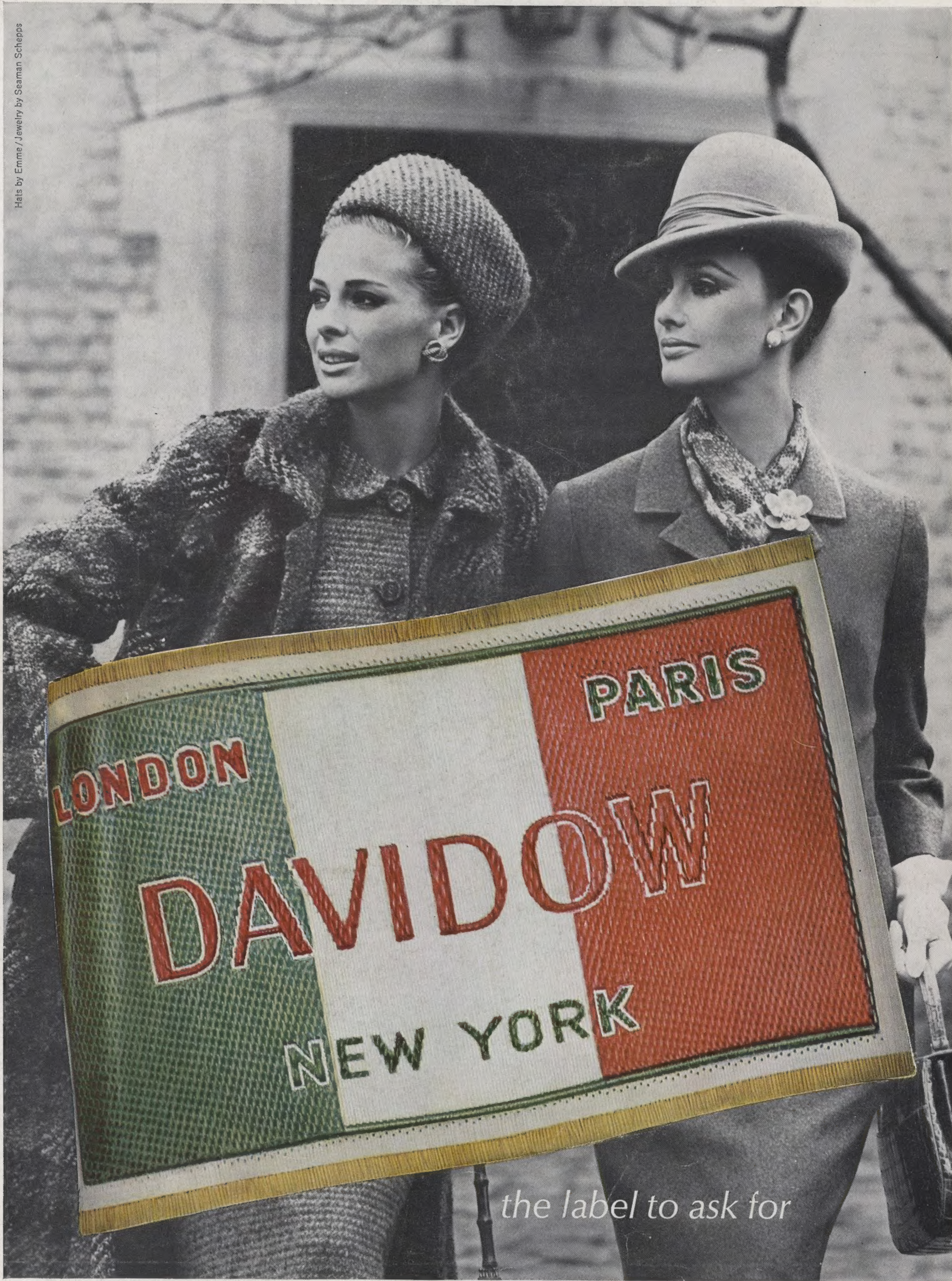
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